

HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Etude

WITH SUPPLEMENT

WITH WHICH
IS INCORPORATED
THE
MUSICAL WORLD

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MUSIC.

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Teachers' Exchange.

Address all correspondence in reference to the exchange or purchase of music advertised in this column direct to the advertiser.

I have the following music for exchange:

Bound in boards, somewhat worn; six copies "Merz's Piano Methods."

One copy each: "New Musical Curriculum," revised by George F. Root; "Western Cottage New Method for Organ;" "Estey Organ Method;" "White's Modern Method for Cabinet Organ;" "Bentley's New and Improved Method for Reed Organ;" "Concert Selections for Choruses," Emerson; "Pronouncing Dictionary," Ludden; "G. A. R. Songs;" "Catholic Choir Book;" "Gregorian and Other Masses."

Almost new, one copy each: "Richter's Harmony," cloth; "Cantata Domino," a collection of masses, vespers, hymns, motets, in boards; "The Art of Pianoforte Playing," in boards, Clarke.

Three copies "Harmonium Albums," Peters edition, Vols. I, II, III.

Benson, Minn.

C. J. MCGINNIS,

Publisher's Notes.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us: "It was Saturday night, and I was completely tired out, for our college opened with more than double the music pupils we had last year, and we were not prepared for so many. I was too tired to visit, so took up the last copy of THE ETUDE and began reading the advertisements, for I must do something, I cannot sit still and do nothing; thinking that would require no thought, and so be a rest to me, but I soon became interested, and so much so that I read nearly all of the advertisements in that issue and felt rested after it,—rested, from the fact that I was so intensely interested that it 're-created' me. And I also got much valuable information, found several things I wanted, and learned of others what will be of special use to me in my teaching work. I also found that the advertisements in THE ETUDE are exceptionally well written, even to the point of being interesting reading when taken as 'light literature.' Not only myself, but my pupils will receive advantage for that hour of light reading."

A POPULAR teacher in a Southern college writes us: "It happens that I have four very young pupils coming here for lessons from town, and Landon's 'Foundation Materials' is exactly the book for them. They at once became interested in their work upon getting the book. One girl had never been at all interested, but she is now playing the pieces in this work with real musical interest, makes 'musical sense,' as the authors aptly call it, of each phrase. I have written to some teachers near my home to use the work in their teaching, telling them how helpful they will find the book."

FROM one of the central cities of New York, a prominent teacher writes us: "I received my advance copy of Landon's 'Foundation Materials,' a few days since. I find that the book is just what I want for some young beginners I have among my pupils, and so I herewith order five copies. The book so exactly meets the wants of teachers that it must certainly have a great sale."

THE better class of teachers are responding to the demand for more class work with their pupils, and they find profitable and helpful work in Landon's "Writing Book for Pupils." It gives time problems that pupils can work out against each other, or by dividing the class and letting the "sides" strive for the best work by each pupil that misses dropping out till the winner is declared. Try it.

WHILE the work of editing and conducting THE ETUDE is great, and there is much that is hard to endure, yet such letters as the following bring in an appreciated morsel of solid comfort.—A subscriber recently wrote: "I take and read four of the best musical magazines, and I am willing to add, I believe THE ETUDE is best of all." We have the satisfaction of knowing that we are putting in our "best licks" in making it a helpful magazine to music teachers and pupils. If you like its help, please show it to your musical friends, and get them to subscribe. We give liberal premiums on cash reductions.

THE right way is the best way. If you want to succeed in getting subscribers to THE ETUDE, call on the person and show a copy of the magazine, and explain its good points to them. Get them interested in having the best musical thought of the times brought into their homes every month for its refining influence and help in the study and appreciation of music.

Testimonials.

Am well pleased with the "Students' Harmony," by Mansfield.
MRS. J. W. WILLIAMS.

I am never disappointed when I take advantage of your Advance Offers, so liberally given.

MRS. LEONA MCCLURE.

Landon's "Foundation Materials" is found to fill a long felt want for something interesting to the very beginner.

MRS. M. E. CRUMLEY.

The game of "Great Composers" has worked wonders among my pupils. I passed the cards around among my pupils and required them to write down all that they found on each card, and then gave them a biography of each composer. It has awakened quite an interest along this line and I feel indebted to you for these helps.

NETTIE A. JONES.

I cannot tell you how pleased I am with THE ETUDE. I regret that I did not subscribe for it long ago.

ADA BOOTH.

The game of "Great Composers" is both instructive and enjoyable.

ADA BOOTH.

Dr. Mason's "Touch and Technic" is a revelation with regard to music.

ADA BOOTH.

The "Studies in Musical Rhythm," by Justis, are satisfactory. I have recommended all of your works to my friends.

ADA BOOTH.

Your publications are fine, and I would not miss the opportunities you offer.

MRS. CALLA HAIR.

We are all more and more delighted with "Elson's Reminiscences," the non-musical as well as the musical members of the family and those to whom we lend it. I also find "Studies in Musical Rhythm," by Edgar L. Justis, most valuable in practical use.

JULIA B. CHAPMAN.

I am delighted with Landon's "Reed Organ Method." It seems to have reached the perfection mark. I think "Foundation Materials" is equally as good. I must thank you for publishing such an excellent musical journal as THE ETUDE. I can think of no substitute.

MRS. M. M. GLASS.

I have only used the "Technicon" a few days, but can readily see that the result will be satisfactory, in fact, I am delighted with it.

ALMA BALLINGER.

The selection of music "On Sale" was received in due time. I wish to express my thanks for the excellent selection you made for me; I am very well pleased with it and hope to send for future orders to you.

R. C. BARKER.

Having had the pleasure of hearing Dr. L. C. Elson in "Seven Centuries of English Song" and "Scottish Songs," I took a peculiar interest in reading his "Reminiscences of a Musician's Vacation Abroad." No more than in the lectures was I disappointed in his book; instruction and entertainment combined.

MRS. N. B. LESLIE.

Any teacher who has not enjoyed personal instruction in "Mason's Touch and Technic," will find "Shimer's Preparatory Touch and Technic" an invaluable work. The remarks on the "Up-Arm Touch" are alone worth the price of the book.

H. O. SCHMIDT.

I have been wanting a book like "Landon's Foundation Materials" for a long time. The grading is excellent. It must please every young beginner as well as teachers.

MRS. M. S. GRUNER.

I think THE ETUDE decidedly the best musical journal I ever read.

MISS ELVA HOLLY.

It is impossible for us to tell you of the great pleasure and benefit which we derive from the perusal of your valuable ETUDE. By it we are enabled, in our secluded retreat, to keep ourselves informed of the latest occurrences in the musical world and to profit by the experience of others. Our pupils who have subscribed already evince increased interest in their work.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,

Nazareth Academy.

I am very much pleased with your carefulness and promptness in filling all of my small orders.

MARTHA D. W. WHEELER.

The music On Sale has been received. It is the finest collection you have sent me. I hope to sell all soon. Thanking you for your promptness and care, I am

MRS. HATTIE C. SMITH.

I am a recent subscriber to your paper and am perfectly charmed with it; I find so many teaching points that are extremely useful. THE ETUDE is my preference among musical journals.

MISS BERTHA NOWLIN.

THE ETUDE is an excellent journal and the last number is such an improvement. I have often wondered how it could be improved, as it has always seemed a perfect paper in every respect.

L. T. BENJAMIN.

We find THE ETUDE a most valuable auxiliary in our work, and wish it every success.

SR. M. DOMINIC, O. S. D.

I received "Preparatory Touch and Technic," and am very much pleased with it.

MRS. GEO. F. KAMERER.

I am so much pleased with the Metronome that I enclose an order for another one.

ELLA I. FRENCH.

"Foundation Materials," by Landon, was received. I think it is just the right method to interest young pupils. The sliding exercises are excellent.

MRS. E. H. STONE.

I am delighted with "Foundation Materials." THE ETUDE also has been a great help as well as pleasure to me and to my pupils.

MAUD J. COLLINS.

I cannot get such satisfaction in the way of prices or promptness in filling orders elsewhere as from you.

MRS. JENNIE B. GROH.

I am very well pleased with the selections you have sent me. I like Landon's "Foundation Materials;" I have been wishing for a book for beginners for several years,—I mean a book of attractive little pieces, not difficult, for very young pupils—and I think I have found it in "Landon's Foundation Materials."

MRS. WM. S. NEFF.

Special Notices.

Notices for this column inserted at 3 cents a word for one insertion, payable in advance. Copy must be received by the 20th of the previous month to insure publication in the next number.

ONE STUDENT'S TECHNICON, IN PERFECT order, \$6.00. Address CASSIE R. LANNER, Albany, Mo.

WANTED—TO CORRESPOND WITH COMPETENT teachers of every kind, who will be available for positions in the South and West, at salaries ranging from \$300 to \$4000. We have filled vacancies in fifteen States. Address, with stamp, H. N. ROBERTSON, Manager Southern Educational Bureau, Memphis, Tenn.

ALBERT W. BORST, COMPOSER OF "JOHN Gilpin," "Pilgrim," etc. Students' course includes Piano, Harmony, Ensemble. 3600 Hamilton Street, Philadelphia.

PICTORIAL TRIBUTES TO WAGNER AND BACH.

AN original design has recently been made by Mr. J. Brotherhood (known to the musical world as the inventor of the Technicon), which he has entitled "A Shrine to Wagner," and of which we have received photographs.

The "mutually complementary relationship" of poetry, music, and painting, is the "leading motif" of the design, and "Elsa's Dream" from the opera, "Lohengrin," is the subject taken for exemplification. The design has two panels, side by side: that on the left shows upon a marble tablet Elsa's words:

"Oft when the hour was lonely,
I unto heaven have prayed," etc.

The right-hand panel is made to correspond with the left-hand panel, in the architectural outline; but the details are devoted to the "Knight of the Holy Grail."

In the center of the shrine (between the panels devoted to "Lohengrin" and "Elsa") the poet-composer, Wagner, is represented by a marble bust, supported by a cherub.

The size of the photograph is nine inches by seven inches, mounted on special mounts. Price, 75 cents each.

We also desire to draw attention to another of Mr. Brotherhood's works, entitled "A Tribute from the Gods," being a picture which he has recently executed and dedicated to Mr. Bernardus Boekelman (so well known to earnest Bach students, through his fine edition of the Bach Fugues, printed in an analytical system of colors).

The picture represents Euterpe, the Muse of Harmony, placing a wreath of laurel upon the head of "The Father of Music." Upon the leaves of the tributary wreath appear the names of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other of the great composers, who are thereby represented as paying their homage to Bach.

Size of the photograph is eight inches by six inches. Price, 75 cents each.

We take pleasure in recommending these pictures to our patrons as suitable presents for the Christmas season. They can be procured by addressing: J. Brotherhood, Stratford, Ont., Canada.

THE PUBLISHER OF THE ETUDE CAN SUPPLY ANYTHING IN MUSIC.

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Musical Items.

HOME.

BROOKLYN will enjoy a series again this year under the auspices—as heretofore—of the Brooklyn Institute.

MME. CARRENO will give the Liszt E-Flat Concerto at her first concert in this country, January 8th, with the New York Philharmonic, under the directorship of Anton Seidl.

LECTURE MUSICALES are rapidly growing in favor. Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Becker, of New York City, have done valuable work in this direction for their pupils and friends, for several seasons.

ANOTHER well known musician who is doing fine work in this line is Dr. Henry G. Hanchett. The demand for Dr. Hanchett's analytical Beethoven recitals is increasing with each season.

MR. E. A. MACDOWELL expresses pleasure that so many Columbian students desire to take the musical course. He approves of the suggestion to form a college orchestra like the one at Harvard.

MME. MELBA coaches with Mme. Marchesé, and is as regular and earnest a pupil as one could wish. Mme. Melba thinks New York people are "too much given to making money." Well, how could they hear Melba if they were not?

MR. R. MARRINER FLOYD, President and General Manager of the Boston Conservatory, incorporated last July, has offered ten thousand dollars in prizes, presumably, to American choirs for excellence in the performance of church music.

MME. RIVE-KING, after a tour of sixteen concerts with the Seidl Metropolitan Orchestra in New York, Massachusetts and Canada, played with the Seidl Society, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, renewing her former successes at Montreal

and Syracuse in Saint-Saëns G minor Concerto. Madame Rive-King is always an acquisition in the concert field.

MR. SILAS G. PRATT, the well known teacher and pianist, has begun the season at Chickering Hall, in New York, and Wissner Hall, in Brooklyn, with interesting Chopin Recitals. The more the people are taught about music the more interested will they become in music. So all hail to the Lecture-Recital! It means musical education for the people—a crying need of the times.

MRS. REGINA WATSON announces three lecture recitals for the present season on medieval music. The first and second, to be illustrated by the lecturer on the piano, are of Italian and French music. The third, also to be illustrated, is on folk-songs. As much of the material for these lectures has been obtained from sources not accessible to the average music student, they possess a peculiar value.

SAYS an exchange of Mr. Sieveking's recent Boston performance: "The characteristics of Mr. Sieveking's performance were unusual strength modestly exerted without apparent effort, fluency and brilliancy in bravura passages. The finale would have gained if it had been taken at a more furious pace. The applause that followed the performance was long-continued, enthusiastic and, above all, honest."

MORITZ ROSENTHAL is a native of Lemberg and a cousin of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler. He is held up as an "example of the endurance of the prodigy." In his fourth year his marked musical talent was apparent, and at ten he performed in public with Mikuli, his master, Chopin's "Rondo" for two pianos. He afterward studied a year at Vienna with Joseffy, and then at Liszt's invitation visited Weimar, where he remained two years, appearing later at Paris and St. Petersburg.

THE death of Henry E. Abbey leaves an important vacancy in the famous operatic triumvirate of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. Says an exchange: "He rose from a humble beginning to his position as the most conspicuous speculator in amusements that this country has ever known. He was not popular with the operatic stars, and his death has called forth but few testimonials, floral or otherwise, from them. His unpopularity is ascribed to the fact that he asserted his rights as manager of the company in a way that was by no means acceptable to some of the artists, who believed that their presence in the company was so important that they should not be subjected to direction or control from anybody."

FOREIGN.

THE Liszt Society of Leipzig gives eight concerts this season.

THE Prince of Wales was enthusiastic over Mme. Eames' singing at Monte Carlo.

THERE is a prospect that Leopold Auer, the famous violinist, will visit America next year.

OF Strauss' operetta "Waldmeister," the music is said to be full of an indescribable charm.

RUMOR says that Mme. Patti has written both words and music of a romantic, one-act opera that will be first presented at her Welsh castle.

MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA has been recently entertained at dinner by Mr. J. P. Jackson, first secretary of the United States Embassy in Berlin.

HERMANN BACH, great-grandson of Sebastian Bach, has made his debut as pianist and composer at Hamburg. His specialty is that of improvisation.

GOLDMARK'S "Cricket on the Hearth," produced for the first time on September 12th, at Dresden, has been highly praised by the critics of that city.

THE score of Richard Strauss' latest symphonic poem, "Zarathustra," is completed, and the work was produced for the first time at the Frankfort Museum on November 27th.

PADEREWSKI telegraphs Mr. Wm. Steinway from Aix-les-Bains: "In spite of all so-called friendly reports, I am enjoying perfect health; at least, it is good enough for me."

SAINT-SAËNS has just finished a ballet for the Monnaie Theater, Brussels, entitled "Javotte." The libretto of the dumb-show portion of the work is by M. J. L. Croye, the Parisian musical critic.

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER has received the gold medal of the Order of the Crown from the King of Wurtemberg, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the production of "Der Ring des Nieblungen" at Bayreuth.

SIEVEKING, the Dutch pianist, is twenty-eight years old and unmarried. He is a nephew of Sir Henry Sieveking, one of Queen Victoria's physicians. His family connections both in England and Holland are exceptionally good.

THE Imperial Society of Music of Moscow has invited M. Widor to direct in that city his second symphony. He will also give a recital of his new organ works at the church St. Peter and St. Paul. When asked if he rode a bicycle the composer and organist replied, "No, I have pedaling enough."

THE last orchestral composition of Tchaikowsky, the symphonic poem "Wojewoda," will soon be published. It was produced in 1891 at Moscow, under the composer's direction, but met with so little success that the author in anger tore the score to pieces; the work would have been lost had not Siloti, the pianist, preserved the "parts" of the performers.

SGAMBATI has been called the "king of pianists—the one upon whom the mantle of his own beloved master, Liszt, seems to have fallen." He is the greatest of Italian piano and symphonic composers, the most dignified and commanding of directors, the most magnetic of teachers, it is said. His splendid Mass, just finished, is dedicated to Victor Emmanuel, and is the theme of themes in Italian musical society throughout Italy.

A NEW piano concerto, by Edward Schütt, Op. 47, is being played, with great success, in all the leading cities of Europe. It has recently been rendered, for the first time, at the Colonne Concerts in London, when the

author was present. It will receive its initial performance in America during the month of December at one of the Boston Symphony Concerts. Mr. Schütt is booked for playing it personally in Pesth, under Richter's direction, at an early date.

A NEW prodigy appeared at the first recital of the season of the Hock Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Main. His name is Granger and he is a small boy of eleven years, with fair complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes. He hails from Melbourne, Australia, and is said to be the peer of any prodigy yet known. We are told that he has a touch a virtuoso might be proud of, a technic as sure as it is wide in scope, and that his legato is worth crossing the ocean to hear.

THE subscription concerts at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, under Nikisch's direction, began their season October 15th, with a concert in memory of Clara Schumann. The concert consisted solely of compositions by her husband. Some of the novelties to be presented at these concerts this year are Liszt's "Faust Symphony," Tchaikowsky's "Fifth Symphony," two symphonic movements by Gustav Mahler, the "Te Deum" of Bruckner, the choral work, "Sylvesterglocken," by Koessler, and a violin concerto by Dvorak. Brahms will be represented by his First and Third Symphonies. At the Beethoven festival, December 17th, D'Albert will be the soloist.

MISS MARGARETHE PETERSON, a native of Denmark, is the latest star in the realm of song. She has achieved phenomenal success before critical audiences in London, Vienna, Berlin, and other large continental cities, as well as in Scandinavia. She ranks, without doubt, first among her contemporaries as an interpreter of the "Lied." Of late she has been reaping anew laurels in Scandinavia with a cycle of songs, entitled "Taubchen" (Dove), by Ludwig Schytte. On October 29th, she appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Dresden, in a new cycle of songs, "Die Verlassene," by this gifted writer, who traveled from Vienna to accompany her. Without doubt the lovers of song may expect a treat when this young artist visits our country, which she proposes doing at some future time.

Thoughts—Suggestions—Advice.

PRACTICAL POINTS BY EMINENT TEACHERS.

ONE HAND ALONE.

MADAME A PUPIL.

THERE seem to be but few teachers who insist on the practice of difficult passages with one hand alone. Either they underestimate the value of such practice, or they do not believe in any "short cuts" to success. Until one has tried it, it is incredible how much more smoothly a difficult passage can be played if it is practiced for a while without the accompanying hand. Is it not logical to believe that a scale, cadenza, or other passage can be played with more perfection, when the attention is concentrated on one hand at a time? If scales were more often practiced with each hand separately, till a high degree of finish and velocity were attained, the playing of scales with both hands together would be easier and more perfect. Students are advised to try this single-hand practice more often, especially in stubborn passages.

* * * *

SUBMERGED MELODIES.

BY HAMILTON C. MACDOUGALL.

A GOOD deal of the dislike for classical music can be traced, I believe, to the difficulty people have in hearing melody, that is, in the bass or in a middle part. A professional friend told me the other day that one of his pupils said to him, "Mr. A— when I have another piece please give me one that has the melody on top!" That voices clearly the difficulty that many of our friends feel. The ear has not been trained to listen or to discriminate in listening, and the effort to appreciate music where the theme goes bobbing around from part to part is productive of weariness but not pleasure.

Let me recommend any who wish to improve their power of hearing what is going on in the middle and bass

parts, to try and follow the alto and tenor parts in a quartet choir. Pope says

"Some to church repair
Not for the doctrine
But the music there."

And I am sure any will be excused for listening to the music in church for the laudable purpose mentioned above. The power of hearing submerged melodies once gained, a new avenue of enjoyment is opened.

* * * *

ADVANTAGE OF THEORY.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

I HAVE a pupil who is studying the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 28 (Pastorale). The other day she asked me why the scale passage in the 106th measure of the first movement has D sharp, while the same figure in the next measure has D natural. I pointed out to her that the difference was caused by the different harmony of the two measures, measure 106 having the same chord as measure 105, viz., the incomplete dominant seventh chord D#-F#-A, while measure 107 has the chord of A major. In measure 106, D sharp is a chord-tone and the omission of the sharp would spoil the harmony; in measure 107, E and C sharp are chord-tones and D (not D sharp) is a natural down-leader to the third of the chord, C sharp.

This case illustrates (as do numerous others) how necessary it is for every piano pupil to make a thorough study of harmony, especially with a view to analyzing the compositions he plays. *There is really no such thing as thorough musical intelligence without such analysis*, and pupils are perpetually overlooking the persistence of accidentals throughout a measure, not so much through carelessness as from a lack of harmonic perception. I am every day reminding pupils that an accidental always goes through a measure unless it is cancelled, when no such reminder would be necessary if only the pupil were alive to the harmonic structure and could see that the accidental persists because it is an essential part of the harmony. Yet pupils are often loath to study harmony and their parents are loath to pay the expense of it, because they do not yet perceive the absolute necessity of it.

* * * *

INTENTION AND SUCCESS.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

EVERY student of music inquires some day: "Can I succeed?" Let us see what conditions lie in this query. No one undertakes work without a motive. Those who are apparently the most listless will be found to entertain some sort of reason for their activity. This reason generally comes from the true individuality, and is indicative of the character. If we could only analyze that initial motive, everything would be perfectly clear to us.

It is safe to say that the results following any activity are in exact ratio with the force which inspires them. In other words, all that we do or may hope to do will be in keeping—in perfect keeping—with our *ideals*. Hence to know about one's success, in anything, reduces itself on inquiry about: (1) present ideals; (2) the care they are receiving; (3) the tread of their evolution. Then back of this must be a careful scrutiny of the ideals themselves.

One's success in art may be represented in many different factors,—like dollar bills, or valuable works, or good unto others. And it may fairly be stated that unless the whole purpose of life be infinitely above petty things, unless it be founded upon great principles, there can be no health in the ideals which shall spring from that life. It becomes then perfectly clear that, "Can I succeed?" is really indicative of this—"Is what I am aiming for in the line of true and genuine development?" And then, also, it is clear that success as it is commonly thought of may be a miserable failure after all.

* * * *

PLAYING BY MEMORY.

BY C. W. GRIMM.

"Do you allow your pupils to play by memory?" Certainly, if the pupils can do it correctly. I even encourage the memorizing of well-learned pieces. A good

memory is a gift to be highly estimated, but a poor one does not indicate inferior musical talent. As in everything, practice can strengthen a weak memory. There are persons who have a "photographic memory": they have an image of the printed music in their minds. Then there are those who have a "finger memory": they play over a piece so many times until their fingers will make the necessary movements in their successive order. Others have a "tone memory": they can remember just what tone follows the other. The best (which includes all the above classes) is the analytic and synthetic memory. It is developed by the only rational means of slow and careful practice, and is assisted by the knowledge of harmony, melody, rhythm, modulation, and musical form. Bülow was the greatest master of this kind of memorizing,—his playing showed that every detail had been thought about and mastered down to the minutest particle.

As soon as a pupil of any grade has learnt a piece by notes well, let him try to play it by memory. If he succeeds, make it a point to have him always learn something by heart. Should a pupil have the bad habit of carelessly rattling off his pieces when he plays by memory, then playing by memory must be prohibited.

If you succeed in memorizing well and much, do not consider memorizing itself the goal of all musical reproduction, for your desirable gift of memory is, after all, only the wonderful and handy substitute of a music roll.

AN EVIL OF THE TIME.

BY MARIA MERRICK.

THE dense ignorance still prevailing even in cultured circles as to what constitutes a respectable quality of piano playing, and how that quality can be secured is astounding. It is, indeed, an evil of the times, and by no means an insignificant one. If evils, whether of act or condition, were not so prolific in breeding other evils, any one of them would be comparatively unimportant. The resultant evils determine the significance of the primary or causative evil. Consider, for instance, the enormous waste of time, money, and strength in misdirected piano study, which is a direct outgrowth of the ignorance we have presumed to condemn as an evil of the time. Such waste is, indeed, a compound evil—grouped as a triplet for convenience,—but really three distinct evils deserving separate consideration, as each in turn entails its own consequent evils, and is accompanied by its own measure of dissatisfaction. And all for what? Nothing, or worse than nothing! For many who have spent hundreds of dollars and years of time in piano study, as soon as instruction ceases give up music entirely, while many others play so atrociously that we wish they would give it up.

Yet the ignorance in question is not to be too severely condemned. Knowledge, it must be remembered, is a very many-sided and elastic subject to deal with, capable of ever varying aspects and indefinite expansion. The wisdom of one century is the ignorance of the next, the correct methods of one decade the errors of that succeeding it. So ignorance is after all only relative. Nor is it an incurable evil. We all know the remedy—dissemination of knowledge. Will it not be profitable both to ourselves and humanity at large if we, as teachers who profess to be disseminators of musical knowledge, examine ourselves individually somewhat after this fashion? "Am I letting 'my light so shine' that it can illuminate the minds of others, or am I 'hiding it under a bushel'—making a mystery of it? Am I seeking to present to my patrons and associates new and advanced views of musical truth? To impart a knowledge of the fundamental principles underlying excellence in musical work? Am I (most important question of all) capable of presenting such views, of imparting such knowledge, or am I but a 'blind leader of the blind'?"

—"Genius does nothing without a reason. Every artist of genius breathes into his works an unexpressed idea which speaks to our feelings even before it can be defined."—Franz Liszt.

Letters to Teachers.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

"Kindly inform me whether the glissando is taught any more? For example, in the 'Tocatta' by Dupont would you have the pupil take the passage as glissando or play it with fingers as a run?" C. E. S.

The glissando is not a very popular effect any more, and is never, or very rarely, used except for show purposes and not often there. But where it is indicated I should employ it. In cases like the Beethoven octave glissando in the last movement of the Waldstein sonata, I would use it if I could.

"Before teaching the Mason Two-finger Exercises as they appear in 'Landon's Piano Method,' should the up and down arm exercises be given preparatory to them? There are no instructions given in the book to that effect.

"Why is it that so little attention is paid to finger exercises in instruction books for the organ? What should be taken up for that instrument after the pupil has finished an instructor? There seems to be very little in that line written for the instrument? Would you consider it proper in playing the organ to hold notes as if they were tied in order to preserve the legato so essential in organ playing?" Srs.

I do not think I have ever seen "Landon's Method," so I answer quite at random, but the following will perhaps answer: I am now teaching quite distinctly as follows: The Mason Two-finger Exercises come in four principal types: clinging touch, arm touches, hand and finger elastic, and light and fast. In the clinging touch, I do not employ the super-legato, neither do I employ the slide. Dr. Mason uses the latter on the white keys, sometimes, but without super-legato. Play the clinging touch exactly as you have to upon the chromatic scale or in the arpeggio of the diminished chord,—i. e., legato with a firm pressure, but without sliding or super-legato,—and be sure that the finger released is allowed to rise at the proper moment. The arm touches as directed, aiding the "up-arm" effect by teaching the use of the triceps, which is the agent mainly operative in effecting the stroke in the up-arm motion. The hand and the finger elastic as directed, except that I often allow the hand to spring back into the position shown in the cut for the Bowman stab touch. The light and fast forms as fast and light as possible, and at first as devitalized as possible. The distinctions of light staccato and the like are of little value, and are more apt to confuse the pupil than to do positive good. Classifying the touches as I have above is of great convenience to the pupil and teacher alike. We introduce the second rhythm, when we are ready, in all the touches except the first. This is nearly the manner in which the revised vol. I has it,—as well as I can remember from the manuscript which Dr. Mason showed me last summer. I should give these forms in any case, whether advised by Mr. Landon or not.

We have no systematic instruction book for the organ, for the reason, mainly, that most people buy the instrument under the delusion that piano music can be played upon it. The proper instrumentality for developing organ technic is fugue, and there is a vast amount of German material of this sort. You will find it in some of the English collections for harmonium. I gave up the reed-organ some years ago. It is a delusion and a snare, and I hope never to have to teach upon it until I reach purgatory. Perhaps I will be very glad then that nothing worse happens to me.

In playing the organ you have to maintain the rhythm, and at the same time play legato. When chords are repeated it is sometimes proper to hold over one or more of the middle voices; but never when it obscures the melody or the general rhythm of the piece.

"1. What is the particular difference between the plain hammer touch of Dr. Mason and his third form of staccato?

"Having a very rapid movement under consideration, and practicing the same alternately with the plain legato and the second form of the staccato, is not the finger motion from the knuckle-joint alike in each? Are not the fingers in each case held very close to the keys, and do they not take about the same curved position?

"Am I correct in assuming that the theory of the former is that the one finger is supposed to hold down

until the next is taken; differing from the latter in that the finger is raised before the next one is taken, but at so short an interval that the detaching motion is imperceptible to the eye?

"2. Is there any difference between the elastic touch and the 'up-hand' touch further than that in the former while one finger prepares for the inward sweep of the point of the fingers the others remain close to the keys in a curved position; while in the latter all are extended and sweep inward toward the palm of the hand, with the finger active in making the touch?"—C. B. W.

The correspondent is in error. In the two-finger exercises in broken thirds in fast time all notes are played legato, with the hammer motion from the knuckle. In all other fast forms, without exception, the first tone of the motive is taken with a slight hand motion, the wrist loose, and the hand falling upon the key; the second tone is made with a very small finger motion, and in what Dr. Mason calls the mild staccato the point of the finger travels a little toward the palm of the hand in making the touch, but from the second joint only. The staccato is what I should call a passive staccato, the inevitable result of having to move the hand quickly upon the next place. The first use of the light and fast two finger exercise is to cultivate lightness and speed, and particularly to counteract the tendency of the over-vitalized slow forms toward stiffness or undue constriction. When all the forms are used, one exactly counteracts the one-sidedness of the others, and the result is a vigorous touch with plenty of tone produced at a minimum of expense to the player. After lightness is secured, then the more positive staccato may be applied to the second tone as directed by Dr. Mason. But in the earlier stages, to require this positive staccato of the second tone in the light and fast touches has a tendency to retard the speed and hinder the perfect limpness which is the first need of the player. The first tone of the motive in all forms of the two-finger exercise is invariably legato—whether fast or slow. The hand and finger repose upon the key, no matter how fast the playing may be or how light.

I do not make any use of the term "up-hand" touch. It is a term which was introduced in making "Touch and Technic" without sufficient reflection. It is distinctly stated in vol. I, section 4, paragraph 5, that the "up-hand" touch is a finger touch, the upward spring of the hand being merely accidental, or accessory after the act. I was sorry to find it in Mrs. Shimer's book. In preparing for the elastic touch I believe Dr. Mason expects all the fingers to be extended quite straight and as high as possible except the finger holding the key. All shut toward the palm of the hand along with the acting finger,—but only a part of the way; they do not all quite shut. To leave the inactive fingers lying upon the keys is a hindrance to developing strength and extreme action which are the intentions of this exercise. In all strong and heavy playing, particularly in the early stages of practice, I believe it is better to have the fingers raised quite high. Later, or in rapid playing, they need not be raised, and in very fast playing they cannot be raised high. At first, however, it is better to have them raised.

"In Mason's legato and mild staccato, rhythm II, second moderato form, vol. I, No. 7, where does the hand touch come in? On the accented staccato tone, or on the unaccented legato tone?

"In the same form, rhythm I, in broken thirds, and in the first and second fast forms as well, is there no elastic touch as well to be made at the end of the threes, as Mason's vol. I, No. 28 would seem to indicate, or does the elastic touch come on every second tone of the motive, as in Mason's vol. I, Nos. 6, 8, and 10?"—STUDENT.

In the second rhythm, exactly as in the first, the first tone of the motive is produced by a hand touch; therefore in the second rhythm it falls upon the unaccented first tone. The second tone is always finger (except where it is arm). It is well to play the first rhythm in the slow form with the accents about equal upon the two tones; in the second rhythm strengthen the finger tone still more. Better results follow.

In the last forms of the broken thirds, all the tones are played with finger-touch, legato; there is no elastic touch. It is only in the slow forms that this touch is applied.

"Do you consider type-writing advantageous or detrimental to the hand for the purpose of piano playing?

"Also when the playing is jerky, and there is a faulty comprehension of distances upon the key-board, what

particular method of practice would you recommend to remedy the same?"—C. E. K.

Being myself a type-writer of about ten years' standing I will say that it has no injurious influence upon the hand for piano playing, but on the contrary is rather advantageous, because it exercises the fingers.

For the other fault you speak of, I recommend slow and careful practice in strict measure. If there is an especially defective comprehension of distances upon the key board, I would think that working through the derivatives of one or two diminished chords according to Mason's system would remedy it. All intervals come into use in such a course and, the eye being upon the key-board, everything clears itself up.

"In 'Mason's Pianoforte Technics' (Ditson), it says of the clinging touch that at 'the very instant the second key strikes, the first is released.' In vol. I of 'Touch and Technic,' upon the same subject, the clinging touch is described as holding both keys at the same time. Which is right?"

Both are right. The holding of two keys at once is what is known as the super-legato, which Dr. Mason expressly says is not to be made a part of daily practice except at the very first. In the new edition now in preparation I am told that this form is definitely given up, and I am glad of it, for in my experience it has always proven objectionable for reasons which I will state some other time. Nevertheless nearly or quite all artists employ this method occasionally in their own practice. I lately found Mr. Godowsky using it in his own practice, and it is one of the many ways in which he always practices a very trying passage. It is dangerous only for beginners, because forming a hand habit detrimental to fine melody playing.

"1. Can Dr. Mason's 'Touch and Technic' be used advantageously without the aid of a teacher after two years' study?

"2. What work on Musical History would you recommend for use without a teacher?

"3. What work on theory?"—W. W. W.

All of Mason's work can be used advantageously by an intelligent student of adult years (sixteen and over) after one has some instruction in the typical touches and perhaps in the fourth volume. I have had many students come to me who had learned everything right or nearly so from the book alone.

I believe you will find my "History of Music" as complete and interesting as any of no greater compass. When you have read that, if you desire more, get Naumann's large work. For theory it all depends upon what you mean. If it is general theory, preliminary, the Primer by Dr. Mason and myself is perhaps as good as anything, and at any rate suggestive.

"What should be the height of the stool at the piano? Should the elbows be slightly higher than the key-board, or lower? I have been told lately by teachers who have studied in Europe that the seat should be much higher in order to get the best results from Mason's Technics."—LUCILLE.

I have been in the habit of observing the old rule that the elbows should be about the height of the key-board or a very trifle higher; but almost all artists now sit much lower, so that the elbows are perhaps three or four inches below the level of the key-board. Paderewski did this, and many others do. Even Bülow, Thalberg, and Rubinstein sat in common chairs. Mr. Godowsky tells me that it ensures a better tone. That when you sit high you involuntarily push and stiffen the wrist when you desire force; but when you sit so low you cannot push, but every touch produced legato has the character of a pull, in which the elastic muscles afford better tonal results. All good players now sit low, but it has always seemed to me that it tired pupils to sit too low—tired them between the shoulders. Perhaps I am wrong. At any rate there is no rule requiring anybody to sit high. Dr. Mason sits quite low.

—The sculptor J. Q. A. Ward was asked which one of his works he considered his best. His reply was, "My next." Such a sentiment should animate every one who would be a worthy workman in any field of art.

AVOIDANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE.

BY FRANK H. TUBBS.

IN what a whirl of activity, leading to advancement, this whole world of ours is! Pass over the great inventions in connection with lighting, traveling, and telephoning for now, and note the changes in less talked-about things. The florist passes us chrysanthemums so much larger and more beautiful than were known ten years ago that we open our eyes in astonishment. His pinks and roses have made us lose our reckoning. Our gardener presents for our table luscious berries and fruit; the clothier and dressmaker show us, every year, a dazzling array of new raiment; we decorate our houses with wall-paper and other ornaments which would certainly surprise the last generation could it look around now. Evolution is working out her inexorable law in all things. We don't want, and we will not have, last year's goods or inferior fruit and small flowers. Everything must be new, the best, and latest. Where this is leading us startles our thought. That we see in it marks of the progressive race is a duty. None the less is it demanded of us to use advancement. There has been, and always will be, "survival of the fittest." Only through selection can progress be. Nothing possessing life is exempt from this law.

The music teacher holds a relation to his fellow-man which possesses significant peculiarity. He is especially prone to fall into routine. It may be only individual opinion, and perhaps that of no worth, that one reason why the musician is held in a degree of estimation "a little lower than the angels" (to put it mildly), is because he fails to keep abreast of the times and seems odd and "out of style." Let us see how the musician is situated in relation to progress. Delightfully, in relation to his own comfort. Sure of income, pleasant surroundings, loving friends, facility for seeing life, what more needs he? These very delights have their nullifying influence. The teacher surrounds himself with a group of admiring friends. His pupils, of course, love him; his church where he plays or sings knows he is the best in town and makes a pet of him; the dear public says he is the sweetest performer ever heard every time he appears, and even the newspaper critic praises him! What situation more delightful could any man wish? But this very situation would make any man contented, conceited, and commonplace. It would make a Hercules effeminate and a Shakspeare dull. Small wonder is it that the music teacher who once ruled the town, now that old age has come, is a back number. The remedy and preventive of certain decadence is mental and physical activity.

Again, glance into the musician's studio. His shelves are loaded with music and music books. They form a feast. Hour after hour he pores over their contents, and many more hours does he use in necessary technical practice which enables him to dexterously extract musical pabulum. Very delightful is such feasting, but can we not recall how thoroughly oblivious we are to all the world after partaking a hearty dinner? The musician is feasted to satiety over and over again, and is as unprepared to fill a place in the rapidly-moving procession of life as is he who, from good living, has rolled under the table. Some one begs, "Don't spoil my feast!" No, no! But some time when younger blood drives you to hunt for the crusts, you will wish some one had uttered a warning.

Were it possible to concentrate rules of life into single sentences, one which it would be very well to post upon our walls to be consulted as often as every six months, between the ages of twenty and sixty, would be: "The musician's life has three periods:—imitative, tentative, and originating. In which am I?" Test with this any branch in which we engage, recognizing it as a fact that progress depends upon moving on those lines, and little danger exists of being entirely away from the line of advancement, and never "under the table." We may fully realize that the nature of the music teacher's work leads him into routine which to many becomes monotony, yet we may use the office of music teacher without being once in a rut.

Probably more young teachers have had the first

promptings of ambition crushed by sensitiveness to popular opinion, than from any other cause. What other teachers will say, what the newspapers will print, and the feeling of distrust of self which belongs to modesty, are potent factors in causing stagnation. It is not for us to say now, "Don't mind what anyone says, and have confidence in yourself," for that has been said a thousand times. Rather, go about filling your office, to which you have been Divinely called or you do not belong in it, as if you were the only musician within thousands of miles, and as if the newspapers were owned in your own family. If distrust in self is honest, learn, learn! One who wants to learn, can do so in some way. At any rate, realize that your true self is a spirit which can rise above every untoward surrounding and enable you to keep in your place in the line of progress in the rapidly-moving world. The musician is not one whit behind the foremost of men. More than that, he is endowed with a nature far more rich in appreciation of beauty, goodness, and truth, than are most men. To be a musician requires that one should be so endowed. With this nature the musician should head the procession, and not so conduct himself as a class that he could be quoted as evidence of degeneration. We need arousing in order to understand our birthright and heritage.

Do not understand that the feast of music which the music student can have all by himself in the studio should be entirely avoided. A musician *must* study. There is a world of study open to him and he must go far into it if he would hold his proper place in the coming generation. The idea that one can have too much knowledge is absurd, although a prominent minister recently used ten minutes of good sermon-time talking on his first statement, which was, "The world is education-mad; the misfortune of youth is its desire for knowledge." No, get knowledge, get understanding, but do not shut yourself in the room and doze over music—go to sleep over it—get more than full of it. That is music dissipation, and is just as harmful as any other form of dissipation.

Some form of music-study must ever be followed, but systematize the study. More thought can be given the scientific side. Why, it is astonishing how little is known of the science of music. Even that which we thought Helmholtz, Spencer, and Thompson had settled for us we learn is wrong, and we must go to the foundation of musical science again. When anyone does clear the mysteries it will be found, in my opinion, that music has for its underlying principle the very fundamentals which control the revolution of the earth and all other bodies of the universe. It would be well worth devoting lives to research in scientific music. Could a young man just from college and scientific school, provided he had musical tastes and talent, be given his support so his mind would be free from the necessity of making his living, be given a laboratory fully supplied with the instruments and implements needed for experiments and research, and allowed twenty years in which to study before giving forth anything, I believe that when he did report what he had learned he would revolutionize the music of the world. It is quite probable that all present means of musical expression (except perhaps the violin and voice) would be abandoned. Some line of such research might be followed by every musician without danger of falling into laxness. In fact it would be so unusual as to form contrast with the ordinary music study. Every one needs some interest which may run parallel with his professional thought, to which he may turn his mind for avoidance of monotony. If one has taste for botany and horticulture, no field furnishes more delightful study. How the florist gets his chrysanthemums, pinks, and roses, and to grow them himself gives a line of parallel consideration. More than that, the business side of professional life can be helped by such outside interest because it attracts to us people whom we would not otherwise reach. Many of them will be drawn into music as time goes on, and their lives will be helped thereby.

If it is true that the musician profits by outside consideration, men in other walks of life need music as their side issue. Study of horticulture leads one very close to Nature with her inexhaustible wealth. The mountains, the sea, the wooded ravine—each has its

world of life in birds, shells, ores, ferns, plants, and stones. To be sure we are taken away from the studio for a time, but we return better fitted to supply the bread of musical life to our flock. Then there are lines of art (artificial or man-made fields) which ought to be explored by musicians, and to round out his educational life he must enter them. What a world of its own literature has! Closely allied to music is it for it is a means of man's emotional expression. So few of us know more of literature than what we get from reading a few standard volumes and keeping up with modern novels, even then reading only popular books that we may appear learned to those who know less than we. The most superficial glance into a volume of Chambers' Cyclopaedia, with its brief extracts from good authors shows us what a regular and systematic course of reading, covering five or ten years, might give us. What refining influence! What gems added to our mutual casket! Locke, Gibbon, Butler, and Johnson would become more than a name. We are content to know a Hawthorne, Dickens, or Trollope, and consider ourselves quite literary if Bacon, Kingsley, and Browning are among our literary acquaintances. One steps only to the line of truth, and not across it, when he asserts that a musician is not yet capable of expression who knows nothing of literature, and a teacher knows not how to instruct without he possesses the knowledge of blending the kindred arts—poetic literature and music.

These channels of outside study are only a few of the many which could be named. Painting, sculpture, and engraving are arts, each possessing the element of all arts—expression of emotion. In that, music touches all arts. Then the sciences—the thoughtful reader needs no further hint. Only one special science will be suggested. Metaphysics, that science which has engaged during our generation the greatest intellects, is but now showing her rich treasures. Who but feels the need of mental influence in the studio, and where can one find more practical aid to every-day work than in that science which deals with mind?

But close the studio for a few weeks. Let us get away from the usual routine entirely. The most complete method of prevention of the commonplace is to keep our minds bright by rubbing against greater minds. They may be within our own profession or outside it. All professions have their annual or quarterly gatherings for comparison, instruction, and inspiration. We have ours—a few of them. They are good, provided one does not sit through the session merely as a stupid absorbant, which, unhappily, is much the attitude of most musicians who form the audiences at music teachers' associations meetings. But we will let that class of gatherings go for now, and take a longer trip. Escape to the seaboard, take an ocean steamer, and go to Europe for the summer. "Oh, my, that is a great way to escape the commonplace, but will it serve, can I find time for it, and I never could afford it!" exclaim many. The quotation is made to serve as topics for three short paragraphs.

No man realizes how small he is until he compares himself with others. A man, great in his small town, becomes insignificant in a large city. A music teacher in any small town, though he may seem a giant to those around him, is small indeed when placed beside the average music teacher of London or Paris. In these large cities no man can live, or get a living, who is small. There they come into contact with active business which develops all there is in them. They are obliged to look after the interests of students who seek professional engagements; they are instructors of the ablest students; they receive the choicest—the selected students—from all small cities and towns of the world; they entertain brilliant people; they examine a large collection of choice music; by their study and contact every cell of thought creation is made active. Mingling with such men, even for a few weeks, will do more to make a stagnated or locally-adored musician realize his insignificance and his duty toward himself than will a year of ordinary music study. One absorbs from such European teachers in a summer's vacation the result of their growth of years. To value at a price the stimulation and instruction to be had from such teachers is impossible. That one gets more business because he has been to Europe counts little in estimating the real value. The unmeasured good, mental growth, broader

conceptions, surer teaching,—those things which the man himself feels that he has obtained and which make him certain that he is nobler and greater in the sight of God and man, are the real benefits which come from the trip to other shores. Who can say that this can be had otherwise than by associating with men of great minds? Thus will one be able to escape the commonplace. Why, on a large ocean steamer one comes into such close contact day after day with his fellow-passengers, many of whom are the most active in the various business circles of the country, that the ocean voyage alone, as a means of mental stimulus, is worth the trouble and cost.

Finding time for a European trip leads to the simple remark that no man can teach music twelve months every year for a series of years and be a good teacher. He becomes drained. The housekeeper cannot take daily helpings from the flour barrel without needing a new barrel of flour after a time. A teacher cannot give his life day by day, without renewing that life at some fountain. To be sure he can learn new music and even devise new ways of obtaining technical results, but he who teaches music only, is a poor teacher. The best teachers lead, shape, and round the very lives of their pupils. New life must come at some time during the year. "How do I transact so much business?" answered a noted judge; "Because my year is only ten months long." Even nine months are as long as a real live music teacher ought to work in any one year. The clergyman and schoolmaster need their long vacation, and church and town council recognize the need. Neither, as a class, works so hard or with so excessive use of brain- and nerve-force as the active music teacher.

That question of cost must enter consideration of all plans. Perhaps an annual trip would take too much money, but suppose trips are biennial or triennial. A little saved from the income of two or three years will pay for the trip. The expense is not necessarily very great. Two months need not cost, aside from lessons, the frequency of which can be regulated by the amount of surplus, more than a hundred and sixty or eighty dollars, and most of us use half that sum or more every year at vacation time and get but a small fraction of the good that a trip to Europe gives. The best endorsement of this means of securing activity is given by those who, having once been to Europe, go again and again, and this class is very large.

Above all things, give up the idea that teachers' activity can come from nervous enthusiasm. So many try to make good impression in this way, not knowing that no great good comes to a man from within himself. He must be clothed upon from without. Get out from self into higher circles, into lofty mental altitudes, and absorb life from them. Pour that out on the return to labor, but again charge the receiver. Every new year makes a step toward the perfect day, and while that day may not be reached because life ends, it is a glorious and soul-satisfying journey marked by comely annual milestones.

Letters to Pupils.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

To R. T. L.—You ask me to define the difference between the Leipsic and Stuttgart methods. One can hardly resist a little flurry and flash of petulance when asked to tell what is the Italian method of singing, or the French or the German. And so in piano playing, because so much parade of little differences of finger position and finger action has been made for purely business reasons, just as a new brand of baking powder, which may not differ at all in any essential respect from what has gone before, is extensively placarded, bulletined, advertised, glorified, and finally sold, sometimes making a man a millionaire, so new methods of piano playing are handled, with the single exception that they do not make anybody millionaires.

Now, to answer your question directly, I would say that the Stuttgart method means the position of the fingers advocated by the famous professors Lebert and Stark. This was the rather absurd idea of holding the palm of the hand level, while the fingers crooked a little more than a quadrant were raised so as to throw the sec-

ond joint high above the back of the hand, thus bringing the finger-tips on a level with the palm of the hand, in a perpendicular position. The fingers are thus held suspended about an inch and a half above the keys, and from this level they descend, or are supposed to descend, like hawks upon the innocent and quiescent keys.

Personally, I abhor the Stuttgart method. There are good pianists produced by every method, and so let us trust there are good Christians in every denomination, however narrow-minded and bigoted its teachings may be. I have heard players who played well, that is, accurately, by the Stuttgart method, but I never heard musical or soulful piano playing as a result of such violent distortion of the natural action of the fingers.

The Leipsic method means, generally, the method of Plaidy. However, there are many prominent teachers in Leipsic, and some of them are at swords' points,—Weidenbach and Zwincher might be named. The Plaidy idea is, that the hand should be held level and the fingers open to a quadrant, and the stroke of each finger prepared by a preliminary upward spring or recoil from its position of repose. This, with the numerous modifications rendered necessary by the rich new literature of the piano, I consider the best and most normal action of the fingers. That is the plain beef, the substantial, every-day business of the fingers; but of course there are sharp staccato elastic touches, rubber-ball wrists, sledge hammer arms, caressing pressure touches, and a large number of specialties which an all-round pianist ought to acquire.

Second: You say you have a pupil who uses the thumb entirely from the second joint. This is to me an incomprehensible thing. Either you must be mistaken, or the pupil has an abnormal thumb. The purpose of the first and second joint of the thumb is solely and simply to curve or extend it, and the upward or downward motion can no more be produced by these joints than could a lateral motion be produced by the first and second joints of the fingers. If your pupil manages somehow to move the key by bending the second joint, she must double the thumb up and give it a short, jerky contraction; this would be a miserable and foolish action, since it would make the tone uncertain and in every way bad.

If you ask what to do, I would say concentrate her mind on keeping the thumb at a position slightly convex outward. That is, down the keyboard for the right hand and up the keyboard for the left. Then insist on moving the thumb perpendicularly about an inch, slowly at first and then rapidly, without any change of its shape; that is, with a slight curving arch imparted to it. This can be done for a few moments several times a day as a mere piece of gymnastics. I am thoroughly convinced that intelligent and judicious gymnastic exercises for the teaching of the fundamental motions of hand and finger are valuable to a pianist, but would by no means be understood to say that they supersede the use of strict keyboard technic and études and especially pieces of music. A good pianist should, of all things, not be a hobby-horse rider.

To A. R. P.—You ask me how shall you develop the fourth and fifth fingers, which are by nature weak. The development of these weak fingers constitutes a very prominent feature in the technical system of piano playing, taught by the renowned American virtuoso, W. H. Sherwood, of Chicago. His idea is to favor the fourth and fifth fingers in two ways, first by bending the wrist outward, which will cause the fifth finger to set nearer toward the ends of the black keys than it would naturally, and second, by depressing the metacarpal joint of the second and third fingers, whose natural tendency is to protrude upward, and thus he imparts a slight twist or inward depression to the wrist. These positions of the hand are to be practiced with all the ordinary and familiar finger groups of so-called five-finger exercises or scales. Mr. Sherwood also strongly recommends for this strengthening purpose the use of Mr. Brotherton's dainty miniature gymnasium, the Technicon. I agree with Mr. Sherwood, specially in this latter respect. The Technicon used with care, that is to say, with the weights not so heavy as to strain the delicate muscles of the forearm, and not too long at a time, but frequently, will give

firmness, elasticity, and individual freedom with self-consciousness to the muscles, whereby all manual dexterity, that of the pianist, the violinist, the surgeon, or any other delicate craftsman, would be vastly increased. Mr. Joseffy told me a few months ago, that he kept himself in training by daily use of two-pound dumb-bells. He considers the use of heavy bells highly injurious, but the use of light bells indispensable for giving firmness combined with light steadiness to the individual fingers. It seems to me that the Technicon accomplishes all that dumb-bells can, and with vastly greater variety and a much closer fit to the exact needs of the hand. You can apply by the Technicon ten times as much exercise to one finger as another, and thus push forward that equality which is the great desideratum in finger work upon the piano. I may add further that some of the standard classical études are directly prepared for this purpose of developing the weak fingers, notably among them are "Special Scale Studies," by Wilson G. Smith, also Nos. 11 and 12 in the Bülow edition of "Cramer's Studies,"—the one in F, the other in B major. Both of these studies are admirable as technical and as musical pieces, the one in B being the more beautiful to my feeling; the only objection I should have to them is that I object on principle to acquiring one's muscular dexterity while listening to tones. If you therefore practice such grouping of keys, that is, tone structures, on a silent keyboard, you will obviate this difficulty. In conclusion then, let me repeat the three doctrines I have announced: first, favor the weak fingers by the position of the hand; second, make a judicious and constant use of the Technicon; third, practice specially prepared études on the Virgil Practice Klavier.

To L. E.—You ask whether it is possible to acquire dexterity of the fingers as late in life as the age of thirty-eight; and my answer is one of partial encouragement: Patient energy is almost omnipotent, and even the joints and muscles which have not attained speed and independence at the proper time in the years of childhood may nevertheless by careful reiteration be considerably developed at any time in life while the action of the hand remains healthy. The history of every great pianist has shown that the time of stagnation never arrives unless it is brought on by indolence. The great pianist, Rosenthal, who is now the wonder of the world, has done an amount of practicing that would appal nine hundred and ninety-nine students in a thousand. If you can attain a rate of six to eight notes per beat at metronome 60, you will have speed enough for a great many pieces, and I would advise you to let the more brilliant display pieces go. Furthermore, if you discover that the labor of attaining speed is out of all reasonable proportion to your musical study, that is, from two-thirds to three-fourths of all your time, let it go, and select for your repertoire, music which does not abound in decorative runs. High speed runs constitute a large part of the cheapest and shallowest music, and there is an immense varied literature which scarcely requires speed at all. Much of Schumann's most exquisitely beautiful music makes no demands upon dexterity. You ask what is meant by "rubato" and "strepitoso." The word "rubato" is an Italian word meaning literally robbed or stolen. It signifies that in a given measure or series of measures, the divisions of time as represented by sixteenths, eighths, quarters, halves, and the like, shall not be strictly regarded, but the little notes shall be longer than they are entitled to be, and this excess time must be taken out of the long notes which are in consequence robbed of their just rights. A passage marked "rubato," no matter how many notes it has, must go through in the exact time that the metronome would permit. But the individual notes may deviate considerably. If done with taste and judgment this straining of the rhythm and twisting it gracefully out of place is extremely beautiful. The "tempo rubato" must be constantly used in playing the music of Chopin; "strepitoso" is also an Italian word and is derived from the Latin word "streptus" (noise), and means noisy. It signifies in music not noisy, but vehement and boisterous. The tone must not be made ugly or rough, but must be poured out with a torrent of animal spirits.

—Knowledge is not merely to be gained, but given; not treasured up, but scattered abroad.

MUSIC CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

"The gods for labor sell us all good things."—*Epicharmus*.*

THINKING IN TONE.

PERHAPS you have some doubt as to exactly what is meant by Music-Thinking. Being somewhat acquainted with composers and with music, the thought may here come to you that all the music we hear in the world must have been made by somebody—by many somebodies, in fact. They have had to sit down, and forgetting all things else, listen intently to the music-thought which fills the mind. If you will sit quietly by yourself you will discover that you can easily think words and sentences and really hear them in the mind without pronouncing anything. In quite the same way the composer sits and hears music tone by tone and as clearly as if it were played by a piano or an orchestra. And to him the tones have a clear meaning, just as words have a clear meaning to us. Naturally one can see that there could be no other way. Unless the composer can think out everything exactly there could be no music, for music must be written, and one can only write what one thinks. So at this point the thought to remember is this. Music must exist in someone's mind before others can have it to hear and enjoy. In like manner—just the same manner in fact—the painter is one who thinks pictures; the sculptor, one who thinks statues; the architect, one who thinks buildings. They think these things just as you think words; and as you tell your thoughts in spoken words, so they tell their thoughts in printed music, in painted pictures, in chiseled statues, and in erected buildings. Now from all this it should be clear to you that there can be nothing which has not first been thought of by someone. You *think* the door must be closed and you close it; you *think* you must know the time and you look at the clock; you *think* the one hand should play more loudly than the other and you try to do it.

Power to get things and to do things comes to us rapidly only in the fairy-tales. In the real, beautiful, healthy world in which we live we have to work hard and honestly for the power either to get things or to do things. By faithful labor must we win what we want. What we do not labor for we do not get. That is a condition of things so simple that a child can readily understand it. But all, children and their elders, are apt to forget it. In the life of every great man there is a story different from that of every other great man, *but in every one of them* this truth about laboring for the power one has is found.

In our chat on "Listening," it was said that the sounds we hear around us are the more easily understood if we first become familiar with the melody which is called the major scale. But in order to think music it is necessary to know it; in fact music thinking is impossible without it. As it is no trouble to learn the scale, all of you should get it fixed in the mind quickly and securely.

It is now possible for you to hear the scale without singing its tones aloud. Listen and see if that is not so? Now think of the melodies you know, the songs you sing, the pieces you play. You can sing them quite loudly (*can you sing them?*) or in a medium tone, or you can hum them softly as if to yourself; or further yet, you can think them without making the faintest sound, and every tone will be as plain as when you sang it the loudest. Here I can tell you that Beethoven wrote many of his greatest works when he was so deaf that he could not hear the music he made. Hence, he must have been able to write it out of his thought just as he wanted it to sound. When you understand these steps and ways you will then know about the beginning of music-thinking.

Let us inquire in this chat what the piano has to do in our music-thinking. What relation is there between the music in the mind and the tones produced by the piano? It seems really as if the piano were a photographic camera, making for us a picture of what we have written,—a camera so subtle indeed, that it pictures not things we can see and touch, but invisible things which

* Quoted by Xenophon in the "Memorabilia," book II, ch. I., Bohm edition.

exist only within us. But faithful as the piano is in this, it may become the means of doing us much injury. We may get into the habit of trusting the piano to think for us, of making it do so in fact. Instead of looking carefully through the pages of our new music, reading and understanding it with the mind, we run to the piano and with such playing-skill as we have we sit down and use our hands instead of our minds. Now a great many do that, young and old. But the only people who have a chance to conceive their music rightly are the young; the old, if they have not already learned to do it, never can. That is a law which cannot be changed.

We have talked about listening so much that it should now be a settled habit in us. If it is we are learning every day a little about tones, their qualities and character. And we do this not alone by hearing the tones, but by giving great heed to them. Let us now remember this: listening is not of the ears but of the thoughts. It is thought *concentrated* upon hearing. The more this habit of tone-listening goes on in us, the more power we shall get out of our ability to read music. All these things help one another. We shall soon begin to discover that we not only have thoughts about sounding-tones, but about printed tones. This comes more as our knowledge of the scale increases. We can now learn one of the greatest and one of the most wonderful truths of science. Great knowledge of anything comes from never ceasing to study the first steps.

The major scale, as we first learn it, seems a perfectly simple thing. But if we think of it all our lives we shall never discover the wonders there are in it. Hence, three simple rules for us to follow in learning to think music are these:

1. To listen to all tones.
2. Never to stop studying the major scale.
3. To become accustomed to hear tones within.

If we are faithful to these we shall, with increasing study and industry, become more and more independent of the piano. We shall never think with our hands, nor depend upon anything outside of ourselves for the meaning contained in printed tone-thought.

If now we join two things we shall get the strength of both united, which is greater than of either alone.

If in our playing lessons we have only the very purest music (heart music, remember), and if we are faithful in our simpler thinking lessons, we shall gain the power not only of pure thought, but of stronger and stronger thought. This comes of being daily in the presence of great thoughts—for we are in the presence of great thoughts when we study great music, or read a great poem, or look at a great picture, or at a great building. All these things are but signs made manifest,—that is to say, made plain to us—of the pure thought of their makers.

Thomas Carlyle, a Scotch author of this century, spoke very truly when he said, "Great men are profitable company; we cannot look upon a great man without gaining something by him."*

* "Heroes and Hero Worship," Lecture I.

—As Mr. H. E. Krehbiel forcibly put it in a recent article in the *Tribune*, "It ought to be expected of educated men that they will be as humiliated to have to acknowledge ignorance of Beethoven and Schumann and their works, as of Shakspeare and Shelley and theirs."

—"The following is worth noting: 'The pedal becomes, through improper use, as Hans Schmidt expresses it, like a wet sponge rudely passed over a beautiful picture. It then suggests the saying of Talleyrand about language having been given to man to conceal his thoughts, for the pedal seems to have been given precisely for that purpose to a great number of pianists.' This is undoubtedly safe ground for the student, but there is on the other hand an artistic effect arising from the use of a 'wet sponge' occasionally which appeals most strongly to 'impressionist' natures and is by no means to be cried down."—*Exchange*.

—"Music is the essential nature of things, and its kingdom is not of this world. Its spirit, like that of Christianity, is love, and it excites within us, as soon as we are filled with it, the highest ecstasy of the consciousness of illimitability."—*Wagner*.

THE MUSIC TEACHERS' PROBLEM.

MUSIC teachers are confronted with the fact that the crowding of school courses leaves many pupils with no time to devote to music lessons. How can music lessons be made to fit into the prevalent educational system? W. S. B. Mathews, in Boston *Musical Record* for September, states the problem and makes suggestions regarding a solution of it:

"According to modern ideas, education or elementary school-training is complex. It desires first to train the attention; second, to give elementary concepts in all the principal directions in which the child will be expected to think and to observe. Along with these utilitarian ends there are various accessories of a semi-ornamental character, having reference to the becoming ordering of life and conduct, the graces, and style of culture. To the latter department belong singing, gymnastics, drawing, etc. Now, what needs to be done is to find some equation for all these accessory studies, and to add to them the outside study of music upon an instrument, especially the pianoforte. . . . What the music teacher has to do now is to devise some system of instruction, so thorough that it will meet the views of those who understand what musical education means, and at the same time make it so interesting that the student will apply herself to her music through the school-year as regularly as to her school studies. Then we have to find a *modus vivendi* with the common school, according to which this work in music, when properly ascertained as to its quality (by examination or otherwise as may prove convenient), shall be allowed in the school standing, and count toward promotion to higher and higher grades.

"I believe that in any small city where there is a body of competent music teachers, it would be possible to form an educational club, including also the school-teachers and the principals, where this matter could be studied until its bearing is understood by all parties; and at length some system of allowance could be made. It is possible that the school-board might not be so easily managed; but I believe the time has now passed when music study is counted an accessory. Public opinion lies in our direction, and I think that it would be possible to bring the ruling minds of common-school education to see this matter in its proper light. Dr. William T. Harris, our national commissioner of education, has long regarded music as something having much greater power and significance in life than is commonly supposed. I feel quite sure that he recognizes the popular instinct in favor of music study as the expression of an inner sense of a good which this study will promote. In some way it satisfies a longing. It is the task of the musical educator to define that longing, and show the way in which it can be met most easily and most productively. Then, later, to bring educators in other departments to his own way of thinking. This is the question to which music teachers may profitably give much careful thought."

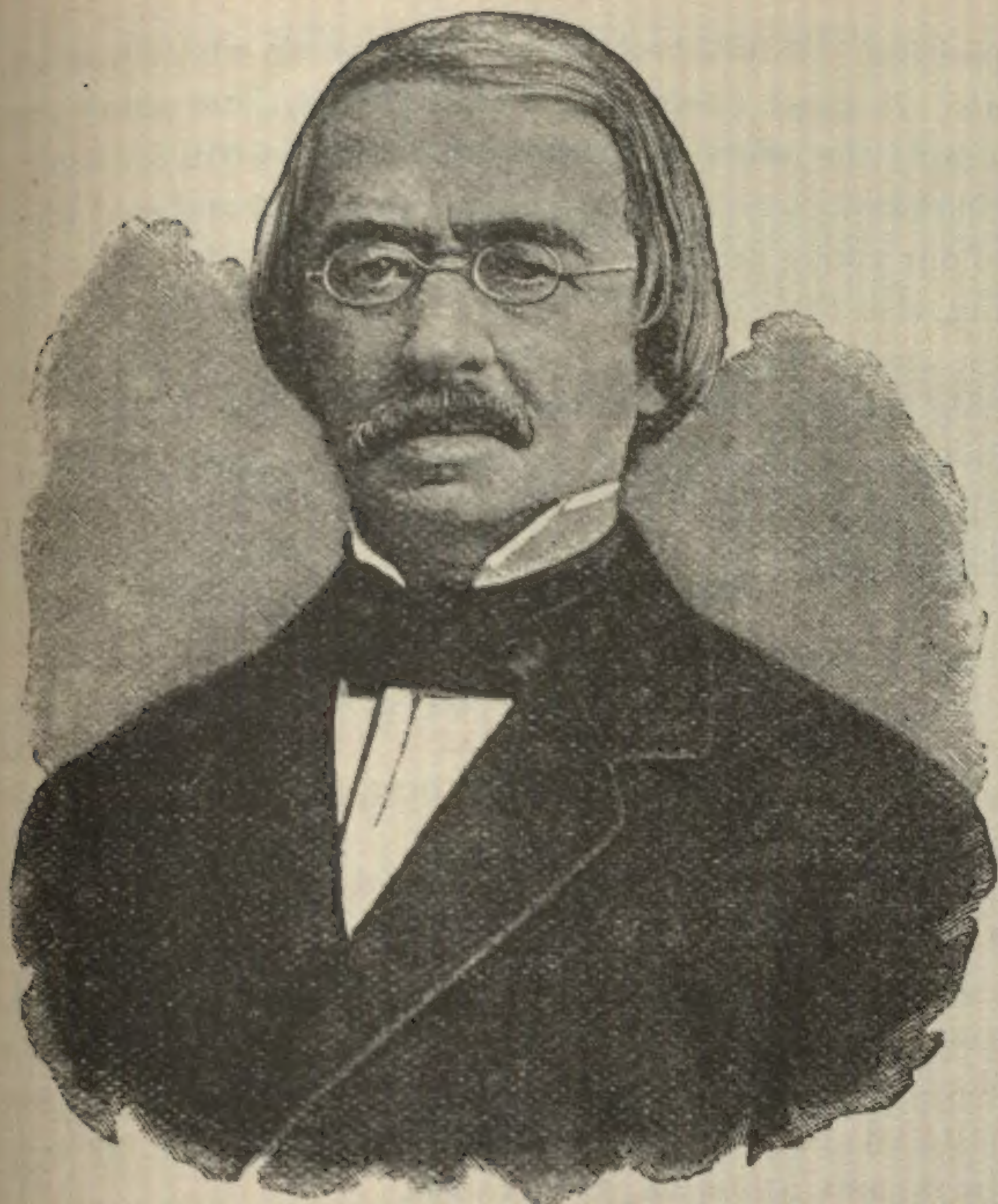
—"A home for the benefit of the widows of musicians and for female teachers of music has been founded at Bonn by the widow of Director Julius Langenbach, who has presented to the institution three houses and 50,000 marks cash. The asylum is warmly commended to the public by Prof. Dr. Schäffer, of Breslau, and others, who appeal to all lovers of music for further contributions. Committees have been formed to raise funds in more than thirty cities, under the presidency of well known ladies and artists, such as Lilli Lehmann, of Berlin; Charlotte Huhn, of Dresden; Frau Müller-Hartung, of Weimar, and others."—*Exchange*.

Such an institution as that above described is sorely needed in this country.

We know of one well-known proprietor and editor of a musical paper who is literally besieged by such "widows." Being a kind-hearted man he freely expends both time and money in assisting them, and he is, doubtless, only one of many.

—Inferior teachers never develop superior pupils.

—Search for "whys" with open eyes and you will get wise.



THEODOR KULLAK.

BORN September 12, 1818. Died March 1, 1882. He was one of the greatest pianists and teachers of the present time. His exceptional talents as a teacher are evident in the long list of celebrated pianists—Scharwenka, Moszkowski, W. H. Sherwood, Emil Liebling, Grünfeld, Hoffmann, etc.—who were educated under his guidance.

After numerous concert tours he located in Berlin, where he founded the Kullak Institute, which maintained a great reputation during his life. Kullak was a pupil of Czerny in piano playing and of Sechter in theory and composition. I had the pleasure of attending his piano classes for a few months just prior to his death and always marveled at his poetic touch and wonderful memory. The class usually comprised some ten to fifteen advanced piano students, and the profound respect Kullak inspired in this band of ambitious workers was most delightful to witness.

The lessons were always given with the pupil at one piano and the professor at his favorite instrument, and the prodigious memory displayed by him was almost beyond belief. I believe that he knew all of the classic literature for the piano; it was only in the most modern works that he even referred to any notes.

No matter what fugue of Bach, sonata of Beethoven, Weber, or Schubert, concerto of Beethoven, Hummel, Chopin, Mendelssohn, or even Brahms was being played, at any error occurring Dr. Kullak would always take up the composition at the point of weakness and play it for the class, with his conception, and what wonderful moments of inspiration he used to astonish us with. Not infrequently he would seem to forget his class environments and give us such a rendition of a Beethoven sonata, or Bach fugue as I can never forget.

I remember well one occasion which will perhaps give an excellent insight into his severely critical judgment. A brilliant technical student had played through a movement of Saint-Saëns' G-minor concerto, and we were all rather abashed at the display of technic the young pianist had exhibited.

Kullak heard the movement through without comment, except at times taking up the orchestral parts to reinforce the soloist, and at the end one could hardly look for other than flattering comment. But not so, the movement was taken up and analyzed, and the criticism of the master was keen and sarcastic in its condemnation of technic without soul and poetry. He then played the movement through which revealed such beauties of phrasing and tone coloring as the poor student in his all absorbing effort at brilliancy had quite forgotten, or better still, never dreamed of.

Following this concerto, Kullak called upon a young American student to play, and when he mentioned a certain one of Beethoven's earlier sonatas, a grin of sarcastic tolerance was seen to illuminate the features of the class members, who thought it beneath their artistic dignity to play anything later than Op. 57 or 110. However, Professor Kullak invited the young American

to take his seat at the piano and begin, which he did with much fear and trembling, knowing full well that a simple sonata of Beethoven would make but a sorry show, technically, after the brilliant concerto of Saint-Saëns.

I can see now the encouraging smile on the master's face as he preluded the playing by a few measures.

Well, to make a long story short, the sonata was played, and, when finished, after several kind criticisms, Kullak turned to the class and said, "Young gentlemen, I observed that you looked somewhat sarcastic as Herr ——— announced his sonata, but allow me to say to you that Herr ———, although he can hardly be considered a virtuoso, plays like a genuine musician, and you can all of you learn much from him in style, if not in technic." To Herr Y——, who had just previously played the Saint-Saëns concerto in a manner evidencing the greatest confidence and self-approval, he added, "You may be able to 'execute' the concerto, but you have much to learn before you can 'play' the simple sonata of Beethoven as Herr ——— has done."

Woe to the students who by their manner displayed any idea of self-sufficiency—they always came to grief, and went home more humiliated than satisfied.

I can recall but one or two of Kullak's class at that time who have attained any great celebrity as pianists, but I am happy to add that the young American who served as an object lesson on that occasion has achieved quite an honorable success in his native land.

As a composer Kullak is best known by his "Octave School," which is undoubtedly the most popular of any similar works. His piano works include an interesting concerto, many salon pieces, including fantasies, paraphrase, etc., and a trio for piano and strings.

From 1846 till his death he held the honorable title of court pianist to the Emperor of Prussia. His funeral, which I, with other of his numerous mourning pupils, participated in, was attended by all of the distinguished musical circles of Berlin. I have, among my many mementoes of musical Germany, a leaf from the wreath I placed in veneration and sorrow upon his grave.—WILSON G. SMITH.

LET SINGERS BEWARE OF DOCTORS.

Now, there are very few ailments of the throat with which the doctor should ever meddle, and it may be safely asserted that doctors have done, and are doing, singers more harm than good. Let the doctor alone and have no alarm from him. Nearly all faults of the throat will succumb perfectly to proper use of the voice and be entirely removed without the aid of the physician. Breathing stimulates the active flow of blood which makes all duties of the physical functions thoroughly exert their normal influence, musical vibration tones the nervous system to its proper pitch, mental control of voice apparatus unites all the portions of the body in their respective offices. When all the body is working properly nothing about the throat can get out of order, and if, because of refraining from vocal practice, one does get into bad condition, proper vocal exercise will restore equilibrium, and, with that, all disorders will disappear. Doctors have long accused vocal teachers of bringing on throat troubles, but the harm done by the physicians is far greater than is that of vocal teachers. Students should be advised never to visit a doctor for throat troubles, except when the teacher tells them to go, and then the teacher is wise if he insists upon being present at the diagnosis.—FRANK HERBERT TUBBS in *Exchange*.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

A HUMOROUS incident is told of a certain virtuoso who, upon one occasion and for a great price, appeared at the salon of a countess who shall be nameless. After he had performed De Beriot's "Third Air Varie" he during a hubbub that rendered it inaudible even to the artist himself, the hostess approached, and in gracious tones besought another selection. Her request was granted, and once more the strains of the "Third Air

Varie" struggled amid that babel of tongues. Then, approached the hostess for the second time and said: "Oh, Professor! Your last selection was even better than the first. Would it be too much, would it be too much to ask for one more?"

The cynical player complied with mock complacency, and went through the "Third Air Varie," as before. It was then that there appeared upon the scene a man with ears abnormally acute, who, by some miracle of inappropriateness, had been included among the guests.

"My dear sir," said he, "it is a beautiful composition,—but, tell me, why did you play it three times?"

All of which goes to prove, not only that in the most inattentive audience there may be found one attentive critic, but the readiness with which even the masters sell their birthright, and for a bit of pottage labor to stimulate the interchange of commonplaces, or even to overcome "that dreadful stillness," which is the horror of those who entertain.

A better example was set by an illustrious American preceptor who, when called to the head of a conservatory where it was the custom to while away the tedium of reception evenings with solos and duets furnished by the pupils, strained his authority to put a stop to this practice.

"If music is a mere plaything, music is nothing to me," said he, "and I have misspent my life."

The protest was effectual, and in one school at least, youth were taught that the "gaie science" was not only the best killer of time up to date (this was before the days of the bicycle), but the flexible language of the soul.

—There are, unfortunately, many well-known musicians who make a sorry attempt at literary composition. Musicians of this class are usually narrow of view, and in truth they have but little to offer in justification. Music is so closely allied with the other fine arts as to demand of every teacher and performer a liberal education. Poetry, philosophy, mathematics, and a general knowledge of language are requisite accomplishments. Also a course of reading in popular science is valuable.

The example of the great masters in this respect is worthy of emulation. Zurlino was a profound scientist; Bach was fairly well educated, besides being a singer, violinist, expert harpsichord player and organist, engraver and voluminous composer! Alessandro Scarlatti was a man of large information; Glück was a literary scholar; so was Cherubini. Even Mozart and Beethoven, who had few dealings with the world and were almost constantly engrossed in composition, were far from being ignorant of art and literature. Von Weber was a polished writer; Berlioz is known to have been an omnivorous reader of the classics and he was a first-class critical essayist; Wagner was a close student of all the fine arts and of several sciences, and wrote some of the greatest librettos ever set to music. Liszt was such an accomplished literator that his writings are said to have enriched the French language. Saint-Saëns recently wrote a philosophical treatise; Gounod had considerable command of language and much general information. It was so with Rubinstein (read his "Conversation on Music"), and even Dvorák, who is essentially a composer, has written a brochure on Schubert which would be difficult to excel. To express oneself in the style of our best critics is not to be expected of the average professional musician. Our polyglot English language is full of betraying pitfalls and difficult to master. In fact special study and training are necessary to this end. But surely every teacher and performer ought to be able to relate his experience or express his opinion in plain, correctly phrased English.—A. J. GOODRICH, in *Musical Courier*.

—A little girl when asked if her sister took music lessons, replied, "Sis is takin' somethin' on the piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or typewritin'." Wiser ones than this little girl have been at loss to know just what was being accomplished at the keys.

—*Exchange*.

IS MARRIAGE INIMICAL TO MUSIC? IF SO, WHY?

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

It has been a common experience with teachers that matrimony puts a quietus upon the musical ambition and development of even the most promising lady pupils. In nine cases out of ten the piano is dropped like an old worn-out toy at the first mention of the trousseau, and is never seriously taken up again after marriage, unless it may be years later, with a view to teaching its exasperating and useless complexities to an unwilling daughter, who will play with it laboriously for a little time, and then drop it just as her mother did. Why is this? Is music a mere amusement which perhaps even failed to amuse, and is therefore laid aside at the advent of the serious interests of life? Was it a mere perfunctory part of the boarding school education, taken with a wry face, like the zoology, the Latin, or the chapel exercises, as necessary evils imposed by the curriculum, and escaped from gladly the moment the diploma is obtained? Or was it, alas, as many would have us believe, only one more of the incident pleasures of girlhood reluctantly sacrificed to the relentless Juggernaut of necessity, when wifehood and motherhood, the cares of the home and family, came to engross the attention, the thought, time, and strength, and make weary with household drudgery the fair hands that once made merry with the ivory keys.

In many instances, no doubt, this last is too nearly a correct statement of the case; for to keep up,—to say nothing of increasing any degree of proficiency in music—requires some leisure, some reserve of unexhausted vitality, some freedom of mind and heart; and I do not know, in all the world's annals, of a slavery more mercilessly tyrannical, more cruel and unrelieved, more crushing alike to physical and mental well-being, than that so patiently endured all about us by delicate young women of taste, refinement, and intellectual aspirations, handicapped by several small children and restricted means. Truly, in their case maternity means martyrdom. Still, with the majority, time is found for many things outside the home; for church work and club work; for the reading of many good books and periodicals; and for innumerable calls for the inanities of society; and worst of all, for that most useless, most valueless, most senseless of all amusements—card playing.

But music, in which they have spent so much time, money, and effort, is left neglected on the shelf, with the dolls, the childhood puzzles and other obsolete pastimes. Of course there are some praiseworthy exceptions; some in middle life and even older, who in spite of the calls of home and nursery, in spite of the calls of society, and that insatiable little tyrant, the needle, in spite of the open indifference, not to say ridicule of husband and friends, still preserve their interest and enthusiasm for music, and fly to it often for rest and refreshment, as to the green oasis in the desert of commonplace. But these are comparatively few. I am speaking of the mass, and I ask why is it? and the question is one which is frequently raised by all thoughtful minds in the musical profession.

The answer is not far to seek. In my opinion it is very largely, if not exclusively, because music has been regarded and studied, and even taught as an accomplishment, not as an art. Therein lies an antipodal and fatefully pregnant difference. Let me make it clear. An art is a vehicle of expression for the noblest thoughts and purest emotions, bringing them to us in the most attractive and easily assimilated form, so that we may, if we will, make them a part of our own lives. An art is a subtle medium through which we may come into direct contact with the grandest souls of earth in all ages, and that upon their most elevated plane, and by it we can lift our own standards and ideals by comparison and companionship. An art is a means of culture,—that is, of becoming acquainted with the best that has been thought and said and written, in all lands and times, by the most gifted of humanity. The pleasure and benefit that is derived from it is wholly impersonal and unselfish, therefore of the most worthy and enduring kind. An accomplishment, on the other hand, is merely a superficial, and for the most part mechanical acquisition. It touches

only the surface of our being,—is only skin deep. In fact, hardly that, for it rarely reaches below the outer enticement to the sentient nerves, except in that particular spot where phrenologists tell us the bump of self-love is located. It is wholly and selfishly personal, the mere means of display, of gratifying our vanity, or exciting the envy of our neighbors. At the best, it is only a more refined sort of bait for the other sex,—a match-making accessory, put on like jewels and fine clothes by many young ladies, and for the same purpose; namely, to attract the eyes of the young men who are, like themselves, instinctively, though unconsciously, seeking a mate. Such girls you will notice, and their name is legion, never speak of music in the abstract, but always as *their* music, meaning such small portions of the art, or rather accomplishment, as they have been able to appropriate and utilize for *their* personal ends; just as they speak of *their* French, designating thereby not the French language as a means of becoming acquainted with the thoughts, sentiments, and discoveries of a brilliant nation, but a few show phrases which they can display to their own advantage on special occasions, ill understood perhaps, and worse pronounced, but kept always ready to hand, safely corralled, like so many pet lambs, within the sheltering pale of the possessive case.

To show how woefully music as a personal accomplishment preponderates over music as an art in America, you have only to select at random from any town 100 piano students, and note how few of them really care to hear a piano played by anyone but themselves. They are spending time, money, and labor to learn to play a few pieces on the piano indifferently well. Yet there is scarcely ten per cent. of them who will cross the street to hear the best pianoforte programme that can be given by the best professional artist, thus showing conclusively that it is not music, but *their* music, which interests them; that their real motive is vanity or hope of gain, not love of art.

In the small minority, however, the pitiful ten per cent., you will find the real talent, the true ambition, and above all the genuine intelligence and taste. Students whose interest is sincere and enduring, whose ideas are high and aspirations worthy,—it is they who must be encouraged, aided, stimulated. It is upon them we must depend in large measure for the little leaven that is to leaven the whole lot; for the slow but steady improvement in the musical conditions and atmosphere of our country, for which we ardently hope, and which is actually coming, as some of us can attest, though at a rate which tries our patience. Courage then, brothers in arms! The signs of the times are full of promise. The right spirit is abroad in the land. A truer, deeper interest in our art, for her own sweet sake, stirs on the verge of awakening.

The hundreds of musical clubs forming all over the country for the serious study of the art, numbering now hundreds, with their comprehensive scope and their admirable system of work, are at once favorable symptoms and powerful influences in the right direction. Success to their efforts!

But after all, it is with the musical profession, especially with the thousands of obscure teachers in small towns and isolated schools, that rests the heaviest and most thankless part of the task of regeneration. An uphill fight year after year, with little hope of reward and less glory, against interference, prejudice, ignorance, and frivolity; a tireless, heroic, self-sacrificing battle for an ideal. With them are my strongest sympathies. I meet them by the score every season. I know their silent, patient work, their uncomplaining devotion to the cause. To them I say again "Courage! stand to your posts yet a while longer. A better day is surely dawning. Strive to teach your pupils the art of music, not simply the technic of the piano. Appeal to their intelligence, their imagination. Awaken their love for the beautiful and expressive, rather than an admiration for the difficult. Use literature as an ally, poetry as an auxiliary. They are more familiar and better understood by our people than music, and may open the doors of heart and brain, where music alone would fail."

We claim that music is an art. Most of our countrymen deny it practically by their actions, if not openly and avowedly by speech. It lies with us to prove our

position. If it be truly an art, it must do what other arts do. It must cheer and develop the artistic nature, not simply the joints of the fingers. It must win for itself a cherished place in the inner life—the heart and soul life—of our young people,—a place so deep, so vital, so enduring, that their interest in it will not wither and die with the orange blossoms of the wedding feast. Then it will hold its own, side by side with the best literature, as one of the most lasting and most valued treasures of mature life, as one of the most essential factors of our modern civilization.

A NEW STORY OF PAGANINI.

BY WM. BIRCH.

WHEN in Genoa, Italy, I was told a thrilling incident which has not been published until now.

In the year 1831, at an auction in London, England, which drew a small crowd of fashionable people, was a black, greasy violin, said to be an ancient Cremona, one hundred and twenty years old, and to have been made by the famous Antonius Stradivarius.

When the violin was lifted from its case and given to the auctioneer, he held it very gently as if it were a sacred thing. Having described its supposed history, he handed it to a well-known professional artist to show its sweetness and power; but though the musician no doubt did his best, the tone was not specially fine nor did its power excel that of a high-class modern fiddle. The people looked disappointed, and, with a long face, but trying to speak cheerfully, the auctioneer called for bids.

After some coaxing, he began with an offer of a guinea, and gradually worked the people up to six guineas, beyond which it seemed impossible to move. At a rapid rate, in one breath, he cried, "A real grand original genuine Cremona Antonius Stradivarius!" Some one said, "It does not bear his name!" but the auctioneer explained that some of the violins which had the name were modern and shams, the name having been added to increase the value; and as no one denied it, he triumphantly held up the case bearing the fiddle like a baby in the cradle, crying, "See the sweet little beauty, gentlemen!" He then levered up the bids to ten guineas, where he stuck; but he made frantic efforts to advance, beads of sweat bursting from his brow, running along his nose, from which they were flung off with the back of his hand. "Really, gentlemen, only ten guineas for an instrument worth its weight in gold! Ten guineas; going! going! any advance? Why, gentlemen, this is an angel-violin! such a chance has never been before the British public!—a real genuine Antonius—"

At this point, a middle-aged Italian in a velvet coat entered the auction room, and, as if drawn by a magnet, gently pushed his way to the front. Lifting the violin from the case, he keenly examined it, putting it to his ear and listening as if he thought that, perhaps, something inside might whisper to him, and he handled it fondly as if it were his little child he had found in a shop. He seemed to forget that the auctioneer and the fashionables were watching him. He now stretched out his hand for the bow, and when, in the almost breathless silence of the crowd, he turned his face, some of them recognized him and softly uttered the magic name, "Paganini!"

The first three or four notes thrilled every one; in another moment many were in tears; soon their feet moved as if they wished to dance, one of them exclaiming, "It is superhuman!" Another, "It is divine!" Now they smile and nudge one another for gladness; again tears start to their eyes; they are nerved as if for battle; and when Niccolò Paganini reverently kisses the violin and places it in the case, half a dozen persons cry, "Fifty guineas!" another "Sixty;" others "Seventy;" "eighty;" "ninety;" "ninety-five;" and then, followed by a great cheering, the fiddle is knocked down to the famous musician for a hundred guineas.

At Drury Lane that night, Paganini stood before a packed throng with the ancient fiddle he had bought a few hours previously, and the people were spellbound. He so roused their enthusiasm that they waved their hats crying "Hurrah!" but when he breathed himself into the G-string he so much loved, and, with unequalled pathos, made it, as the crowd imagined, pronounce the words, "Home, Sweet Home," a mighty sob burst from the people, and it was some time before they sufficiently overcame their emotion to listen to the next piece.

A PLEA FOR "MY LAST TEACHER."

BY E. M. TREVENEN DAWSON.

"PLAY that part slower! Why, my last teacher never told me to! I didn't know 'ritenuto' meant that; she never explained anything to one."

"What key my piece is in? I'm sure I do n't know. My last teacher never asked questions, so I never thought about it. It's in B flat I suppose, as there are two flats. What, in G minor! My last teacher did not tell me about minor keys: I never heard of them."

"Not count 'six' in a bar when the signature is $\frac{3}{4}$? But I always used to, and my last teacher did n't say anything."

And so on *ad infinitum*, at every first lesson, or first few lessons, one gives to a new pupil. And one is tempted to lift one's hands in pious horror, and exclaim, "What an incompetent teacher that must have been!"

I do n't think I ever gave a first lesson to a fresh pupil that "my last teacher" had not to bear the blame for all shortcomings remarked on. Was the touch too heavy and legato, "my last teacher" had omitted to explain that dots over the notes indicated *staccato*; were the tied notes of a chord struck, it was "my last teacher's" fault for not telling the meaning of the "slurs"; was the most appalling misrendering of a passage perpetrated, "my last teacher" had always suffered it to pass unchallenged.

At first, I own, I used to innocently believe these excuses, and wonder why nearly all my pupils seemed to have had such astonishingly careless teachers. But one day it came to my ears at a school where a governess-student helped with the younger children's music, that they were fond of excusing to her their mistakes by saying, "Miss Dawson never told me that was wrong," or of condoning their forgetfulness by assuring her "Miss Dawson has not explained the meaning of" such-and-such a thing. After this discovery there was no more peace for the delinquents, for, of course, I came down on them in high dudgeon, shifted the blame on to the right shoulders, and requested the governess student to inform me whenever I was quoted in defense of bad habits.

Then I began to realize that very often the unfortunate "last teacher" is merely the scapegoat and have ever since refused to listen to complaints of that much maligned individual. In several cases I have easily proved to myself, to the pupil, and others, how untrue such reflections on "my last teacher" may be. In this way: Unless in exceptional cases, I have always insisted on a "Register" or "Practice Record" of some sort being used, in which there is sufficient space for the teacher's remarks to be set down, week by week. This is not only invaluable for jogging the learner's memory, but also extremely useful in reference in disputed cases. For example, a pupil has sometimes declared, "Miss Dawson has never taught me the time signatures," or "the chromatic scale," or "the meaning of *accelerando*," as the case might be. And I have in every instance been able to turn back the pages and point to the exact date when these very things were written down to be practiced or learned,—perhaps only the preceding term, perhaps a year or more ago. Had it not been for this record, parents or school principals might well have said, "What a shockingly incompetent teacher Miss Dawson is!"

Therefore, judging by my own experience, I wish to put in a plea for the "last teacher." Let us teachers not believe too easily all that is said about this calumniated person; for, without being intentionally untruthful, children (and elder girls and boys too) have such a happy knack of forgetting what they have been taught, and are so eager to defend themselves from blame, that it comes natural to them to make a scapegoat of their last music master or mistress. Not but what "my last teacher" may have been incompetent,—even grossly incompetent—yet let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and not be too rashly ready at once to accept the assertions of a pupil who, besides, may be seeking to carry favor with the new master by belittling the old. Let us steadily discourage the perpetual bringing in of "my last teacher's" sayings and doings; while to save ourselves from becoming the next victims (for, unfortunately, parents and principals too readily take the children's

random statements for gospel truth) let us invariably make use of "registers," and write down what we give each lesson to be practiced or committed to memory. And then we shall not be so liable to figure in our turn as that very incapable person, "my last teacher."

THE NEEDS OF PIANO STUDENTS,
AND HOW THEY MAY BE SECURED.

BY MADAME A. PUPIN.

THE needs of a piano student may be briefly summarized as follows: a high ideal, a good teacher, and intelligent parents. If it be true that the mental, moral, and physical education of a child should begin fifty years before its birth, it is equally true that the musical education of a child should begin with its parents. But unfortunately all parents have not enjoyed the advantages which they wish to give to their children, and are therefore unconscious of the duties they owe to their children and ignorant of many things it would be to their interest to know.

It is presupposed at the outset that parents do not expend money for the mere sake of saying that their children are taking lessons on the piano, but that they have a hope that Tommy and Susie may be able, sooner or later, to give pleasure to the family circle and to deserve the commendation of their friends by their clever and intelligent playing; for though the parents may not be critically intelligent themselves, they dearly love to have their children's intelligence appreciated and to hear them praised.

A great deal of money is uselessly spent and desired results long delayed because parents are ignorant of the necessities of the case, though doubtless they would be glad to do their duty if they knew what it was. The first duty of a parent is to give the beginner in music a good piano—an upright or a grand: fortunately the square piano with its defective action is going out of fashion. A piano with fine tone and good action is not only a stimulant to practice, but it is a teacher as well. The old saying, "anything is good enough for a beginner," should be changed to "nothing is too good for a beginner."

Here let it be remarked that a second-hand piano of a first-class maker is far better and much cheaper in the end than a new piano of inferior make, and the piano should be bought, if possible, of the manufacturer or of one of his agents.

The second duty of the parent is to have the piano kept in tune, to have it tuned at stated intervals, whether it appears to need it or not. A piano is made or marred in the first year of its existence. If a new piano, it should be tuned at least four times the first year; this done, it seems a living thing, responsive to the thought of the performer; but failing in this, it becomes a dead thing, which cannot inspire anyone with enthusiasm.

The next duty of the parent is to secure a good teacher, and if he have no confidence in his own judgment, he will not be far wrong if he select a teacher whose pupils are known to be able to play before others. Having secured a good teacher, the parent should be willing to provide all the accessories to study that the teacher considers necessary,—the proper music, a metronome, a subscription to a musical journal, etc. Lastly, the parent should take the young music student to as many good concerts as possible.

There are many duties which teachers owe to their pupils. The teacher should not go to the pupil's house, but have a pleasant studio, so fitted up with pictures and other musical mementoes, that the pupil will be conscious, immediately on entrance, of the artistic atmosphere of the place, and will forget the dryness of scales and exercises in the contemplation of the possibilities of music as a study; the room should create in the mind of the student the impression of an ideal life as a reward of study, and of there being something in such a life to aspire to.

The teacher should always be tastefully and neatly dressed, and should receive the pupil in a cordial yet dignified manner. The relation of teacher to pupil, with the respect the latter owes to the former, should ever be

recognized, such recognition being conducive to order and discipline in the class.

The teacher should possess infinite patience, never forgetting there was once a time when he knew as little as those he is now teaching, and should ever preserve an evenness of temper that nothing can disturb; but if he be prone to anger and irritation, he should cultivate such self-control that his weakness will never be suspected: for there are some little imps of mischief that will take a malicious pleasure in tormenting him beyond endurance, if they discover any weak point in his armor.

Remember, teachers, your pupils look upon you as models, and you will have power over them as long as they regard you as such; but let them once discover any shortcoming which brings you nearer to their level, and your power is weakened. For this reason also, the music and books in the studio should always be kept in order, thus inculcating the idea that music is a "Heavenly maid," and that "Order is Heaven's first law."

The teacher's piano should be a superior one—a grand if possible. The teacher should occasionally play for the pupils, but never play their pieces for them, except as a reward for a specially well-learned lesson, or to give them an idea of the delivery or interpretation, after they have practiced the technical part thoroughly.

An occasional reunion of the pupils in the teacher's studio, or a monthly recital, will increase the students' interest in their lessons by exciting emulation and will augment the cordial relations between teacher and scholar. No teacher should be willing to neglect or evade this imperative duty by the excuse that he or she has no time to spare from lessons for such periodical meetings; for it would be far better that each pupil should give up one lesson each month, than to miss the advantages to be gained in those reunions, and the hours thus gained would give the teacher ample time for preparation, and the change might prove a relaxation.

Teachers should subscribe for the musical journals and urge their pupils to do the same; or a teacher with twenty or more pupils could make an extra charge of ten cents on the bill for each term and subscribe for three or four musical periodicals, which the pupil could have the privilege of perusing.

A musical library of biography, theory, criticism, etc., should be found in each teacher's studio, for reference or for circulation. It is not difficult to collect a musical library, if one begins with a few books and allows the pupils the privilege of reading them. Each pupil might donate a book in return for such privilege.

A music teacher should be a person of broad culture, well read on other subjects than music, and above all should be unprejudiced enough to understand and investigate the latest and most progressive systems of study. Why should not a teacher who has studied the Mason "Touch and Technic" learn something about the Virgil Method, and vice versa? All methods have but one aim, and are but different roads to the same goal. Surely one road may sometimes be found easier than another to a certain student, and a particularly hard case may become tractable by a change of method. A good teacher will be a good student of human nature, and adapt his method to the temperament and individuality of the pupil.

Teachers, love your work. The teacher who does not love to teach will generally be found wanting in most of the requisites of a good teacher.

When it is said that pupils should have a high ideal, it does not mean that every music student should, at an early stage of his studies, aspire to become a concert pianist. No, it simply means that he must aim to do every little thing as well as possible. A perfect whole can never be made of imperfect parts. There is no little thing that can be slurred over without marring the perfection of the whole. So the pupil will find it to his advantage to start out on his studies with a high ideal: that is, to aim at perfection in the simplest things, no matter how disagreeable they may be. His reward will be a progress that is rapid, and certain things will grow easier to do, and finally study will become a pleasure. But he must begin his studies with this idea: that disagreeable things will be met, and that they have to be conquered in just this way and no other.

The valorous student will carry three mottos on his banner, on which he must fix his eyes in moments of discouragement. These mottos are: "Perfection is the point at which all should aim;" "Nothing is impossible to a determined mind;" and "Perseverance is the mother of success."

THE SECRET OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of some Australians, the African Bushmen are considered the lowest of human tribes. Their language is said to resemble the chattering of monkeys; they dwell in caves and live on roots, reptiles, and insects. They have no idea of the distinction between girl, maiden, and wife, and they live in isolated families, uniting socially only for defense against an enemy or robbery of their neighbors. Yet Burchell, who knew them well, wrote:

"Music softened all their passions, and thus they lulled themselves into that mild and tranquil state in which no evil thoughts approach the mind. The soft and delicate voices of the girls, instinctively accordant to those of the women and the men, the gentle clapping of the hands, the rattles of the dancers, and the mellow sound of the water-drum, all harmoniously attuned and keeping time together, the peaceful happy countenances of the party, and the cheerful light of the fire—were circumstances so combined and fitted to produce the most soothing effects on the senses, that I sat as if the hut had been my home, and felt as though I had been one of them."

In speaking of the phalanx dance of Mazamboni's warriors in East Africa, Stanley says: "There are solos and duets, but there must always be a chorus, the grander the better, and when the men, women, and children lift their voices high above the drums and the chatter and murmur of the crowd, I must confess to having enjoyed it immensely." Bonwick says that, "previous to their wars with Whites the Tasmanians indulged in songs which pleased Europeans as well as themselves;" and "eye-witnesses," says Wallaschek, "tell of examples when the deepest emotion was aroused by their national songs; tears were shed until the passionate excitement became almost tumultuous."

The books of travelers are full of such examples, showing how passionately primitive races, whom we call savages, are devoted to their music *for its own sake*. We know, too, that the ancient Hindus, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Chinese were so devoted to music that they said it was an art which the gods themselves invented, and attributed to it all sorts of healing and miraculous powers. They had music in their temples, at funerals, weddings, and all social gatherings. Shepherds played the Pan's pipes, mothers sang lullabies, and everywhere there was music in the air. To the present day the peasants of Europe, however unpolished and ignorant they may be otherwise, sing their pretty folk-songs, and sing them with expression.

Some years ago, after an attack of typhoid fever, I followed my doctor's advice and spent a few weeks on the borders of the Italian lakes. One evening, at Locarno, I took a walk along the shore of Lago Maggiore with the chief forester of Switzerland, who had been in the hospital with me. Presently, from a parapet above us, came the sound of a voice angelic in sweetness, singing with charming expression an artless folk-song. We stood spellbound, and listened for half an hour to this unpremeditated solo. We had both heard Patti, but agreed that Patti never sang with such genuine feeling. Our curiosity was aroused and we mounted the steps to see who the great artist might be. She proved to be a plain peasant woman, who blushed and looked uncomfortable when she found out that she had had other listeners besides the babe in the cradle by her side. An unhappy thought came into the forester's head. He offered the woman several francs if she would come down to our hotel and sing there for us. She blushed again and protested that she could not sing; but finally she was persuaded, and a few evenings later she appeared at the hotel and sang several pieces there. But, of course, she felt out of place and nervous, the audience frightened her, her voice trembled and lost its charm, and of expression there was not a trace. We were disappointed, but I was not surprised, because I knew that at the hotel she sang, not for love of music, but for money.

Does the shrewd reader guess that the moral of my tale is that if you sing or play for money, you cannot sing or play with expression? If he does, he guesses

wrongly. Paderewski plays for money,—for a great deal of money: he has played for as much as \$7000 in one evening,—and yet he plays with the most exquisite expression! What, then, is the difference between him and the numberless pianists who do not play with expression? The difference is that he has not only mastered his art but loves it. He plays for a public which pays him money, simply because money is a necessary thing, and because artists always like luxury. But, depend upon it, Paderewski would much, very much rather play for himself alone, or for a small circle of silent friends, than for a public of 5000 frantic applauders.

Every music teacher, I believe, will agree with me when I say that nine-tenths of his pupils come to him not because they love music and want to be initiated into its mysteries and beauties for their own sake, but because they wish to become teachers of others, or else because they want to learn singing or playing as an accomplishment. In other words, they want to study music as a profession or as a means of amusing or dazzling others. Such pupils will never learn to play with expression because they do not love music for its own sake, but only as a means to gratify their vanity. A few winters ago a friend of mine invited me to his house one evening. Among the guests was a young girl who had spent several years in Germany studying the piano, and who wanted to make her debut (with dreams of a brilliant career as concert-pianist) in New York. She begged my permission to play something for me, and without explanation or apology, sat down and—would you believe it? played through a whole long concerto, the solo part alone, without accompaniment! Her one idea was to impress me with her "accomplishment," but the only thing she did impress on me was that she was nothing but a bundle of vanity and ambition. She played in public and was, of course, a dismal failure, for the public has a keen scent and easily distinguishes between vanity and love of music.

It is one of the paradoxes of music that while from one point of view it is the most social of arts, since it unites many performers and listeners in a common object and emotion, from another point of view it is the most unsocial of arts. I have just intimated that to hear Paderewski at his best you must hear him when he is alone or with a very few friends. And in general it may be said that the more genuinely musical you are, the more you will abjure vanity, hate publicity, and long for solitude and a chance to sing or play for yourself and for art's sake alone, not for pay and applause. And here is the point where extremes meet. The African and Australian savages and the European peasants referred to above, sing with expression because they love their song for its own sake and indulge in it for their own pleasure, not with a view to making others think how clever and "accomplished" they are. If you transferred them to our concert halls, their unconscious desire to please themselves would be converted into a conscious effort to impress others, and the result would be that the expression and spontaneous fervor, which give a charm even to the wildest music of primitive men, would be lost, and their performance would be as dull and stupid as most of our orchestral entertainments, at which the players are obviously inspired by only two ideas—the desire to do their work for a maximum of money and a minimum of rehearsing, and to get to their beer as soon as possible.

I confess that, after being a musical critic for sixteen years, I am deathly tired of concerts and operas, and recitals of all descriptions. I long more and more for *expression*, but never get it unless a great leader like Seidl conducts, or a great pianist like Paderewski plays. I long to go among savages and hear them sing their thrilling war songs or listen to their impassioned drum solos. I hate these conservatory pianists with their finicky "touch" and "methods" and "pearling scales," and technical abominations; I detest those singers of the "Italian school" whose one idea is to sing notes loud, high, and shrill, that will be sure to arouse "thunders of applause." I often come home from a long piano recital so hungry for real music that I have to sit down at my Steinway and play a Chopin prelude to appease the craving; or I come home from a symphony concert so starved for orchestral expression that I have to sit down and play a piece on my Æolian, which, I say it in

all seriousness, can be played with infinitely more expression than one hears at a majority of concerts by professional "artists."

Teachers are largely to blame for this state of affairs. Instead of recognizing that a simple folk-song or Bach choral played with expression is infinitely higher art than a Beethoven or Chopin concerto played with perfect "method" and execution but without soul, they aim at making a concert-pianist of every pupil. They make technic the one thing to be worked for, leaving expression for the "finishing touches;" and when the pupil has wasted several years on mere technic, he has got into the habit of devoting all his attention to that, and fancying expression to be a mere fad of amateurs. In a word, these pedagogues teach music as our college professors teach Latin and Greek. Because they, being professional philologists, are interested in minute questions of grammar, they compel the poor students to waste all their time on trifling details of philological erudition, while the *expression* of the classical authors, their literary charm and splendid ideas, are entirely ignored; and when the students get through with these tormentors, they never again look at a Greek or Latin book. Is this the reason why so many pupils give up their music as soon as their parents do not compel them any longer to continue their lessons?

What, then, is the secret of musical expression? It is to learn and perform music *con amore*, for the love of it, and not for the sake of technic, or money, or applause. Paderewski is much more unhappy if, at a concert, he fails to please himself, than if the public fails to applaud him. Unless you feel like Paderewski on that point, for mercy's sake drop music at once, for you will be a miserable failure. You will simply torture yourself, your neighbors, the public, the critics; and the critics, as you doubtless know, are like rattlers, which bite venomously when they are foolishly disturbed and irritated.

AN EXTRACT.

I HAVE known a pupil, in spite of carefully repeated directions and illustrations, fail to play in what is termed a broad style. Nothing could give her the desired breadth of touch until a suggestion to think of a far-stretching prairie proved to be the one thing needed. Almost unconsciously, as her mental vision reached out over the rolling expanse, her touch grew broad and deep, and the desired effect was produced. Similarly, in certain flowing compositions, a hard, unyielding touch, often resulting from over-conscientiousness, has been rendered pure and graceful by the direction to play the passage like a broad, rolling river; it was not to represent a river, but to move in the same grand way. Your own experience will add countless illustrations of the effect of the mind on touch. There are other instances where the hands work best automatically, with no perceptible volition, save as initiating certain movements; as, for example, the simultaneous playing of two groups of notes having no mutual mathematical adjustment, such as three against four, six against fifteen, and other similar combinations so often seen. The attempt to *think out* each particular of these mutual relations will usually render them nearly impossible of execution, while the already well-trained hands being left to themselves, they play through these intricate rhythms without a slip.

Any task of even slight difficulty being before us, we must recall that old saying of Virgil: "They are able because they seem to be able." True, the mental assumption of capacity, however self-assuring, can never, of itself, impart intelligence to the brain or manipulative skill to the hand; but it is equally true that, without a proper degree of confidence in our own abilities, we can accomplish but feebly, and with but meager results, what with more certainty might have been a pronounced success. Let every one place a just estimate upon his own powers, availing himself of those upon which he can safely rely, and strengthening those that are weak. Such a player will never unconsciously impart to his audience that vague sense of anxiety as to his success which, though sometimes unrecognized, is quite enough to deprive the occasion of all pleasure.

Fully realizing, however, his ability to perform, the player sometimes lacks what may be called mental backbone; the will power is sluggish, the batteries of his motor-nerve telegraph run low, and his playing is consequently dead. A *determination* to exert one's forces in a given direction is an indispensable prerequisite to every artistic performance.—STEPHEN A. EMERY, *from an address*.

VALSE CAPRICCIETTO.

LUDWIG SCHYTTE.

Allegro.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.'.

- System 1:** The right hand begins with a melody marked *p* (piano). Fingerings are indicated above the notes: 2 1 4 3 2 1, 4 3 2 1 4 3, 2, 2, 2. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and harmonic development. Fingerings 2 3 4 3 2 1 and 2 3 4 3 2 1 are shown. The melody is marked with a slur.
- System 3:** Features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The right hand has a more active melodic line. Fingerings 2 3 4 3 2 1 and 5 4 2 4 2 1 are indicated. The system ends with a *diminuendo.* (diminuendo) marking.
- System 4:** The right hand melody is marked *mf*. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.
- System 5:** The final system, concluding with a *Fine.* marking. It includes a *crescen* (crescendo) marking and various fingerings for the final runs.

Un poco meno mosso.

mp cantabile.

ten.

pp

p

dolciss.

The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system is marked 'Un poco meno mosso.' and 'mp cantabile.' The second and third systems contain fingerings and a 'ten.' marking. The fourth system includes 'pp' and 'p' markings, and the fifth system includes 'dolciss.' and 'pp' markings. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and fingerings.

The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The first staff has a *mf* dynamic and a slur over the first two measures. The second staff has a *ten.* marking. The second system continues with a *f* dynamic and a *ten.* marking. The third system features a *cres - - - cen* marking. The fourth system includes a *do* marking and a *f* dynamic. The fifth system contains the lyrics *dimi - nu - en - do.* and *poco a poco più mosso. D.C.*

MIGNONETTE.

Edited & fingered by Albert W. Borst.

Joseph Rheinländer, Op. 122.

Andante espressivo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Andante espressivo.' at the beginning. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *rallent.* (rallentando), and *molto rallent.* (molto rallentando). The piece concludes with a 'Fine.' marking. The score is edited and fingered by Albert W. Borst.

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This page of musical notation consists of five systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) are used throughout. Performance instructions include *ritard.* (ritardando), *a tempo.*, *molto rall.* (molto rallentando), *rit.* (ritardando), and *D.C. al Fine.* (Da Capo al Fine). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 through 5 above the notes. The page is numbered 5 in the top right corner.

f *p* *p* *a tempo.* *ritard.* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *p* *molto rall.* *p* *f* *p* *p* *f* *p* *rit.* *D.C. al Fine.* *f*

LA CZARINA.

MAZURKA RUSSE.

New Edition by E. P. Chipman.

LOUIS GANNE

Mazurka. *ben marcato. bien rythmie.*

f *Trompettes.* *simili.*

TUTTI. *ff*

allarg. *a tempo.* *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

allarg. *mf* *f* *ff*

a tempo.

* The trills in this section may be omitted.

2107. 6

bien rythme.

7

Trompettes.

simili.

TUTTI.

ff

Fine.

Trio.

con amore e molto piano.

f e sostenuto.

con brio.

Accompagnement e con zephïroso.

* This part may be omitted by repeating the previous one.
2107 - 6

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written for the right and left hands on grand staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The piece features a variety of musical textures, including rapid sixteenth-note passages, sustained chords, and dynamic contrasts.

The systems are as follows:

- System 1: Rapid sixteenth-note runs in the right hand over a simple bass line.
- System 2: Continuation of the sixteenth-note runs in the right hand.
- System 3: Introduction of a strong dynamic *ff* (fortissimo) in the right hand, with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic in the left hand.
- System 4: Further development of the *ff* texture in the right hand.
- System 5: A crescendo marked *cresc.* leading to a *f* (forte) dynamic, followed by a first ending marked *1.*
- System 6: A second ending marked *2.* leading to a *molto piano.* section with sustained chords.
- System 7: A section marked *f e sostenuto.* (forte e sostenuto) with sustained chords, ending with *con brio.* (con brio).

2107_6

NARCISSUS.

Valse Elegante.

New Edition.

Vivo.

C. Mahlberg. Op. 20. Nº 2.

f sost.

marc.

marc.

p

f

Ossia.

il Basso marcato.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-6. The system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in bass clef, with the bottom staff containing complex fingerings (1, 2, 4, 2, 1) and slurs. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

Second system of musical notation, measures 7-12. The system consists of three staves. The top staff has dynamics *p*, *poco*, *a*, *poco*, and *cresc.* with fingerings 1, 2, 1, 1, 1. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in bass clef. The key signature has three flats.

Third system of musical notation, measures 13-18. The system consists of three staves. The top staff has dynamics *f*, *marcato.*, and *marc.*. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in bass clef, featuring dense chordal textures. The key signature has three flats.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 19-24. The system consists of three staves. The top staff has dynamics *marc.* and *p*. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in bass clef, continuing the dense chordal texture. The key signature has three flats.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 25-30. The system consists of three staves. The top staff has dynamics *f* and *cresc.* with fingerings 1, 2, 4, 1, 2, 4. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in bass clef. The key signature has three flats.

dolce.

poco rit.

a tempo.
f

poco rit. *p* *poco a poco cresc.* *rit.*

a tempo.

f *marc.* *marc.*

marc. *p*

f *poco a poco cresc.*

f *p* *f* *p*

p *cresc. ed accel.* *f* *sf* *sf*

2112-4

ATALANTA.

GRANDE VALSE DE SALON.

Edited by Edgar L Justis.

MARIUS CARMAN. Op. 217.

Allegro con fuoco.

Tempo di Valse.

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic and includes fingerings (2, 3, 1, 2, 1). A second ending is marked *sec. ff*. The system concludes with a section marked *dolce e grazioso* in a waltz tempo, indicated by a waltz symbol and a 3/4 time signature.

The second system continues the waltz section. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic and includes fingerings (5, 2, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 2, 4, 3, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 5, 5, 2, 4). The bass line consists of chords and single notes.

The third system continues the waltz section. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic and includes fingerings (2, 3, 1, 5, 4, 4, 2, 1, 3, 4, 5, 4, 2, 1, 2, 1, 4, 2, 5, 1, 2). The system concludes with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.).

Più vivo.

The fourth system begins a new section marked *Più vivo*. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic and includes fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 8, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5). The section is marked *dolce e grazioso*.

The fifth system continues the *Più vivo* section. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic and includes fingerings (4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 2, 3, 2, 1). The section is marked *dolce* and concludes with a *poco rit.* (poco ritardando) marking.

L'istesso tempo.

Two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and contains a series of eighth-note runs. The left staff has a bass clef and contains chords and single notes. The second system also consists of two staves. The right staff continues the eighth-note runs, ending with a 'Fine.' marking. The left staff continues the accompaniment.

Il canto bene Cantabile,

Two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and contains a series of eighth-note runs with fingerings (2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 1, 3, 4, 5, 5, 2). The left staff has a bass clef and contains chords and single notes. The second system also consists of two staves. The right staff continues the eighth-note runs with fingerings (3, 1, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 1, 4, 5, 4, 1, 2, 5). The left staff continues the accompaniment. The tempo marking 'dolce e sentimentale.' is written above the first system, and 'simile.' is written above the second system.

a tempo.

Two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and contains a series of eighth-note runs. The left staff has a bass clef and contains chords and single notes. The second system also consists of two staves. The right staff continues the eighth-note runs with fingerings (5, 1, 2, 5, 5, 2, 5, 1, 2). The left staff continues the accompaniment.

Molto espressivo.

con calore.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of notes with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The bass staff contains chords and single notes. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Molto espressivo.' and the performance instruction is 'con calore.'

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and a bass staff with notes, rests, and fingerings. The performance instruction 'con calore.' is present in the first system.

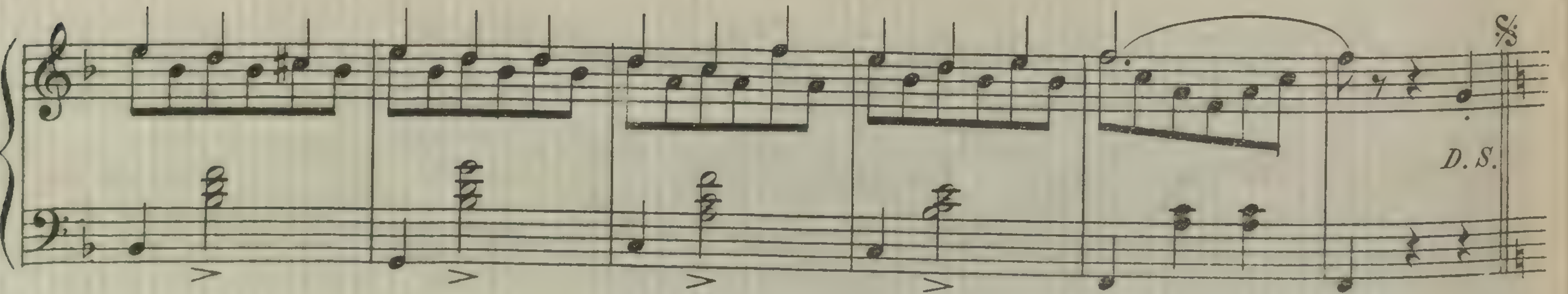
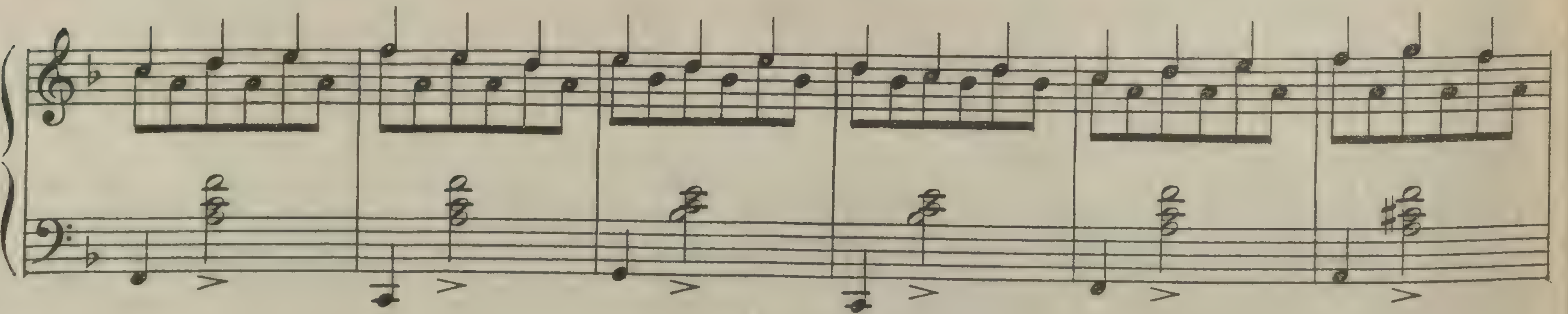
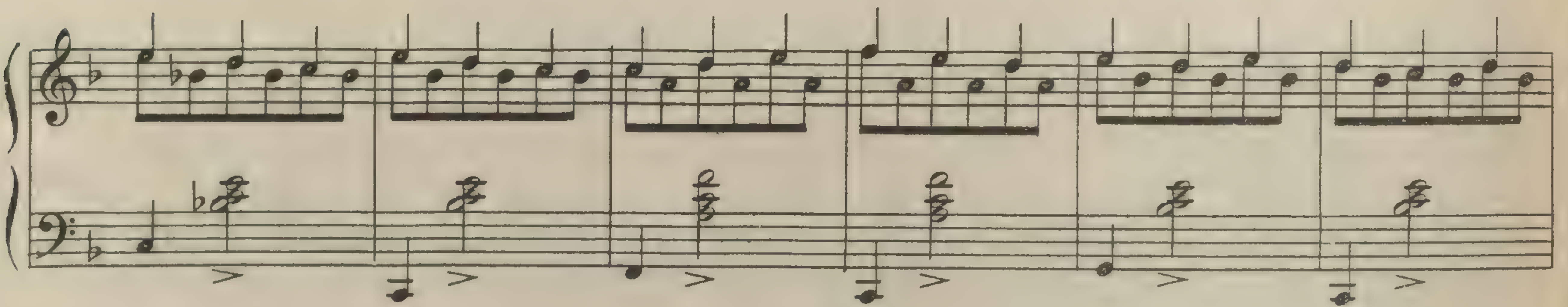
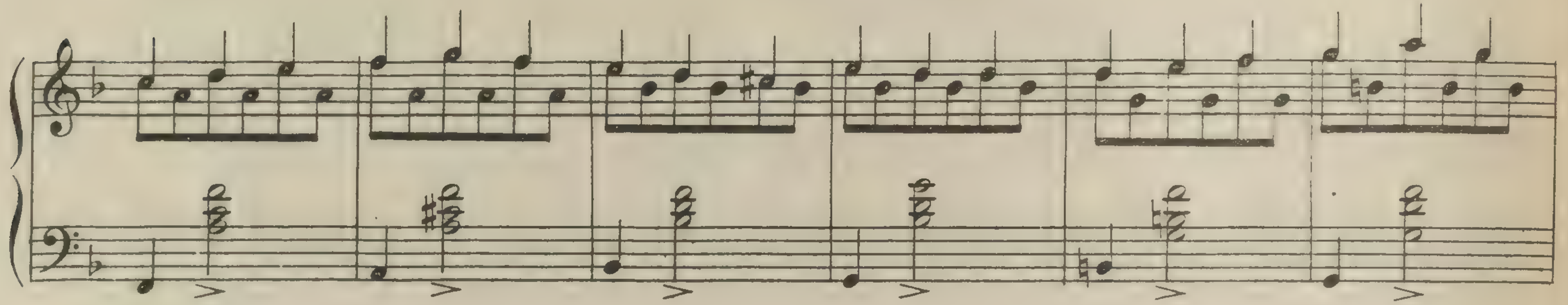
The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and a bass staff with notes, rests, and fingerings. The performance instruction 'con calore.' is present in the first system.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and a bass staff with notes, rests, and fingerings. The performance instruction 'con calore.' is present in the first system.

Il canto bene Cantabile.

dolce e sentimentale.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of notes with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The bass staff contains chords and single notes. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Il canto bene Cantabile.' and the performance instruction is 'dolce e sentimentale.'



PRELUDE.

Chopin's genius nowhere reveals itself more charmingly than in his Preludes. They are masterpieces. Anxiety, grief and despair fill the measures of this noble composition and it might well be called "a lament."

Edited by T. von Westernhagen.

FR. CHOPIN, Op. 28. Nº 20.

Largo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of 16 measures. It is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The dynamics range from fortissimo (ff) to pianissimo (pp). The score includes various musical notations such as chords, single notes, and fingerings. Performance instructions include 'riten.' (ritardando) and 'riten. e cresc.' (ritardando and crescendo). The score is divided into four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The first system starts with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The second system has a piano (p) dynamic. The third system has a pianissimo (pp) dynamic. The fourth system ends with a pianissimo (pp) dynamic and a final chord. The score is edited by T. von Westernhagen.

Press down the pedal after each chord and release it the moment the next chord is struck.
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Gently Lord, O Gently Lead Us.

Sacred Song for Tenor Voice.

Wm. K. Bassford.

Moderato. *mp*

Gently Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Thro' this

lone - ly vale of tears, Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our

last great change ap - pears. When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in

de - vious paths we stray, Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us

slentando.

cresc. 3

cresc. 3

slentando.

mp a tempo.

f

p a tempo.

slentando.

f

slentando col voce.

rall. *a tempo.*

in the per - fect way. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the

p rall. *a tempo.*

hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer

not our souls to fear. Suf - fer not our souls to fear, Suf - fer

rall. *a tempo.*

not our souls to fear, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.

rall. *a tempo.*

And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in thine arms to

rest, Till by An - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the

blest. Till by An - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the

blest. A - men.

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF DIN.

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

SOME years ago, when compelled to live in the heart of New York, I was made miserable by the din that seems to be part of the life in all large cities, and for a time I seriously considered the organization of a Society for the Suppression of Noise. Among those whom I had thought of as possible and even probable members of such a society were, first of all, music teachers. My argument was simple enough. If I, as a newspaper critic, compelled to listen to music, most of it pretty good and some of it admirable, for several hours daily, was thereby rendered peculiarly sensitive to discords and noises, surely the average music teacher, compelled to listen to music, most of it pretty bad, six or eight hours a day, must find noise one of the trials of life. It happens, however, that beyond writing a few articles in favor of such a society, the project was given up. No one offered to help.

We have societies for the suppression of vice, of "tipping," of "tipping," of cruelty to animals and children, and of other evils; but no one came forward with an endowment for the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise. Nevertheless, I am still convinced that here is a field for mission work upon the part of every one and especially upon the part of music teachers, one of whom once confessed to me that she often felt qualms of conscience as to the amount of din her pupils made in the world. By way of reparation she did all in her power to lessen the noise made, not only in practicing and playing, but in talk and work of every kind.

Noise constitutes one of the evils under which civilized man suffers without recognizing the root of the trouble, and I am sure that the man of the future will protect himself against noise as he now does against malaria, fever-bacilli, and other insidious evils that have only in recent years been recognized as sources of danger. In all probability the original use of our sense of hearing was to enable man and animals to perceive the approach of danger and avoid it. To primitive man noise meant danger. When the savage heard a noise, whether it was the roar of the tempest, the thunder of the avalanche, or the soft approach of the foe at night, he put himself on guard. Noise awakened all his energies; it had the quality of terror in it, and it still has this quality—for me. It is true that civilized man is no longer so acutely affected by noise; but it still acts as an irritant, and the time is coming when it will be so classed. Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kinds—I can see a growing appreciation of quiet. Some time ago, when we had made our yearly escape from town to the hamlet where I live in summer, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country: "Is n't it good to listen to the silence?"

The advance of the savage toward civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more primitive the savage the more noise he requires. One of the great clock manufacturers of this country makes a certain cheap clock with a peculiarly loud and aggressive tick for export to the South Sea Islands. The natives will have no other kind—the louder the tick, the better the clock. We are beyond that—some of us—but in our American cities we do tolerate an amount of noise that Paris and London would sharply suppress. Only from time to time do we hear a faint protest. I have always admired Webster for his reply to a gabbling barber who asked him how he would like to be shaved. "In silence," said the great man. But as a nation we tolerate an amount of senseless, aggravating din that we should have outgrown a century ago. Our notion of a popular rejoicing is still the savage one—lots of noise. Our Fourth of July is made hideous by Chinese crackers and other exploding devices, and our fashion of ushering in the New Year is to ring all the bells of the town for half an hour, to let the whistles screech till steam runs low in the boilers, and to fire off guns and pistols.

So-called music is responsible for much of our modern din. Is there anything more doleful, mournful, heart-rending, than much of this street music? If ever I am driven to suicide by noise, it will be after an hour of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" upon an organ at one end of the block, together with "Hear Me! Norma!"

upon an organ at the other end. If in the last twenty years I have had occasion to make what the champions of Italian music are pleased to consider vicious and uncalled-for attacks upon Verdi and Bellini, the "Miserere" and "Hear Me! Norma!" as interpreted by the several million hand-organs that have played for me are responsible. "Hear Me! Norma!" is innocent enough as music; *i. e.* is watery stuff. But its endless repetition has upon me the same effect as the drops of water upon the head of the criminal who finally died of the torture. In London and Paris the householder has the right to order the street musician to move away from before his premises. In Brazil, a street musician must receive the consent of the man before whose door he wants to play.

There may be noises more irritating than hand organs, but if so, I have had the good fortune to escape them. Schopenhauer, in his essay, "Ueber Lärm und Geräusch" ("On Noise and Din"), says that the sharp cracking of whips was the most painful noise he knew. He never heard "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He never heard the young hoodlums of our American cities shout their "extras" in the dead of night. A story is told that in the olden time every one in the world agreed to shout at the same moment so that it might be known how great a noise might be made. The eventful moment arrived and was marked by a silence such as the world had never known before. Every one had listened to hear the rest of the world shout. Nowadays it is all the other way—every one shouts; no one listens.

To come back to my point of departure, cannot our musicians and music teachers, the class most likely to suffer from noise, do something to abate this nuisance? Teachers may be able to instil a hatred of din as well as a love of music into their pupils, so that when some of these latter become voters and aldermen they will have the will and power to enforce a reasonable degree of peace. I have no expert knowledge of the practical value, or lack of it, of the many devices for noiseless piano practicing, dummy key-boards, soft-pedal stops, etc., but if they will save our ears I am willing to take upon my artistic conscience the risk of recommending them all. Let us have peace!

WHY STUDY MUSICAL HISTORY?

BY J. C. FILLMORE.

I HAVE been invited to write a paper for THE ETUDE, setting forth convincingly the reasons why everybody who studies music ought to study also the history of music. I have been turning the matter over in my mind a little, and I do not find the task an easy one. Not that I have the slightest doubt as to the absolute necessity of knowing the history of music, at least in outline, if one is to be as intelligent as every musician ought to be, but I confess to feeling somewhat at a loss when called upon to convince any one who has not yet perceived that necessity that it really exists.

If a young pupil were to ask me point-blank "What is the use of studying musical history?" I fear I should be puzzled to give him any satisfactory answer in a nutshell. I think I should be very likely to reply Yankee fashion, "What is the use of studying anything? Is it better to be intelligent than to be ignorant, or not?" The pupil might go on to say, "I can see that I must know certain fundamental things in music, such as tonality, harmony, phrasing, the treatment of motives, form, etc., or my playing will be a mere mechanical translation from notes to keys without any real musical perception; but I do not see why I cannot play just as well, just as intelligently, and just as effectively without knowing when or where this or that composer lived, or any of the details which go to make up the history of music."

I do not think any pupil would be very likely to say just this; for any one who is intelligent enough to see the necessity of a clear understanding of the elements above enumerated would hardly fail to perceive the differences in style of the various composers whose works he had studied, and his interest would most likely be awakened to inquire into the nature and causes of those

differences. He would be likely to desire, without any promptings on my part, to know something about the men; whether the marked differences in style between the music of Bach and Chopin, for example, were occasioned solely by the differences in the individual characters of the two men, or whether they were to be sought partly in the conditions under which they worked.

It is really with such questions as these that history has to deal. History, if it is to be worthy of the name, must not be a mere dry chronicle of facts, a record of events and dates; it must deal with causes and effects. The business of musical history is to trace the development of the musical sense and the impulse to compose from its earliest beginnings to the present; to account for that sense and that impulse; to record their manifestations in every race and every speech, and show how and why each different kind of phenomenon became what it was; how the phenomena of one epoch grew out of those of the preceding epochs, etc. In short, history must seek to understand and explain the whole process of the evolution of music from its germinal manifestations in primitive man to the sublimest achievements of the greatest masters.

Now, it is true enough that one may play Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann appreciatively without having given much attention to all this. But how can there be the slightest question of the superiority of mental position and attainment of the student who interests himself actively in the history of music as above defined? Is it not evident that his intelligence is wider and deeper, and his mind every way broader and stronger than can be the case with him who confines his intellectual interests within the narrow limits of a small range of compositions? Besides, all mental broadening, all deepening and strengthening of the intellectual, emotional, and spiritual life reacts powerfully on the playing. Other things being equal, the more intelligent a musician is, the better he will play. I think it will usually, if not always, be found that the most satisfying interpreters of really great music are persons who have studied profoundly the history of their art, and are also broad in all their intellectual interests and sympathies. For the history of music is only a part of the history of the intellectual and spiritual life of the race, and cannot be dissociated from it.

Thus, one finds that pianists and composers like Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Chopin, Tausig, Paderewski, Bloomfield-Zeisler, etc., are persons interested not only in the theory and history of their own art, but also in the history of all art, science, literature, and whatsoever concerns human nature. In short, they are people of culture—that culture which Matthew Arnold defined as "knowing the best that has been thought and said and done in this world." (I quote from memory.)

This, then, is the ideal I would keep constantly before all students. You ought to be something more than mere pianists, however good, you ought to be *men* (or *women*) who have made the best of everything your own by actual possession and assimilation. Those who are not executants of music, who are not musicians at all, in the ordinary meaning of the word, ought to study the history of music as a part of the history of the mental achievements of the race. Should those who are musicians be content with a lesser intelligence in their own field than properly belongs to every man of wide culture and education? Does not the question answer itself?

—The struggle through which a musician has to pass cannot be regarded as a very great hardship; if music is not his natural calling, he will give it up for want of success; but if he is a favorite of the Muses, he will triumph in spite of it.—*Moritz Hauptmann.*

—The first condition for being an artist is respect for and acknowledgment of the great—and submission to it; and not the desire to extinguish the great flame in order that the small rush light should shine a little brighter. If an artist does not himself *feel* what is great, how can he succeed in making *me* feel it?—*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*

THE OBSTACLES THEY MET, AND HOW THEY OVERCAME THEM.

LESSONS IN PERSEVERANCE FROM THE LIVES OF THE MASTERS.

BY W. F. GATES.

No greater lesson is taught the music student by the lives of the great masters than that which may be expressed in the one word, *perseverance*.

We are apt to think that these men were heaven-born geniuses who could not help knowing what they knew, writing as they wrote, and playing as they played; but such is far from the truth. While they were geniuses in the highest sense of the word, it is equally true that every one of them brought his genius to its fruition by unremitting toil and by perseverance of the most ardent kind.

Let us take a backward glance at the obstacles that stood in the way of these men who made musical history,—who made the music of to-day what it is.

Of all the great musicians hardly a trio can be found who did not have to fight their way to the altitude they attained, over obstacles that would have daunted any but the most resolute mind. These men had not only the genius that is the "infinite capacity for taking pains," but the genius that is the capacity for taking pains infinitely long,—the capacity for undiscouraged perseverance with that sublime faith in self that marks the really great.

But that perseverance was not developed as a result of success or of greatness; it was one of the prime causes of their greatness. We find, as a general thing, the lot of the great composers has been one of poverty, often of physical ailment, and of obstacle in environment. But this faith in their art, in themselves, and in their mission, backed up by their genius and indomitable perseverance is what gave them their place in musical history.

It is but a few months since we might have seen Mascagni in a strolling opera company, earning a pittance as musical director, and studying his composition whilst living on a crust; and, but a few years since, Dvorak was playing in Bohemian café orchestras, that he might earn a scanty livelihood while he pursued his studies. And it is not many years since Wagner was hooted at as "the crazy musician,"—since he too, in Paris, where now his works are just beginning to be appreciated, was eking out a slender existence by arranging melodies for cornet and piano, and, as he says, with starvation staring him in the face.

Were these men dismayed by non-appreciation or by rebuff? Their very position in the musical world answers that question. There is no greater example in history of the triumph of perseverance over obstacle than is the life of Richard Wagner.

Then, taking another backward step, we find Robert Schumann meeting with strong parental opposition as to his musical study; and when that was conquered, and his feet fairly planted on the road to virtuosity, then came the accident to his hand,—that fortunate accident—for, though that generation lost Schumann, the pianist, all succeeding generations gained Schumann, the composer. Not daunted by the destruction of his possibilities of performance, he turned his energies to composition and criticism; and as a result Schumann's works stand second only to Beethoven's. As a critical writer he is without a peer.

Schubert's life seems most pathetic of all. An almost unknown man, an underpaid school-teacher, turning out compositions by the hundred that he never heard performed, living on in poverty, working in the dark, as it were. He may be likened to a flower that springs up by some obscure wayside, overshadowed by some more gaudy growth, perhaps trodden on by some careless foot, yet sending out on the air the delicate perfume of the modest wild-flower. Such was the life of Schubert, a man in some respects the most endowed of all our composers.

There is a lesson for us in the fact that Schubert had, just prior to his death, arranged with a well-known theorist of his day for instruction in certain forms of composition in which he felt deficient.

And then, Beethoven! That mountain of energy and perseverance! Reared in the family of a shiftless drunk-

ard, dependant at times on the kindness of others, writing his greatest works while too deaf to hear a note,—in spite of these things he was perseverance personified. His life was one of continuous strife against environment, of battle with obstacles, real and imaginary. Was there need for this greatest of composers to study harmony, counterpoint, and composition? The very fact of this study is what gave him, as his genius applied the material thus gained, the title "The Shakspeare of Music."

And Mozart! A brilliant meteor was he! Brilliant in childhood, brilliant in manhood, and then—an early death and a pauper's grave. A life full of disappointment, of non-appreciation in high quarters,—this was his lot. At home a mismanaging wife and an empty cupboard. Yet the name of Mozart will last while melody is known. Did he not have to strive, labor, persevere, overcome?

There is no greater example of continuous application under difficulty than that given by Haydn in his younger days.

Sent out into the world when but a boy, he, too, lived in a garret and on a mere crust, while he mustered the standard authorities on composition. One by one he managed to procure them and, though having no regular instruction, he became by industry and observation, master of his subject. This mastery of detail which he obtained in his days of youthful poverty stood him well in hand in his later days of happy surroundings, and made possible for him the title "Father of the Sonata." But had he, when shivering in his garret, or when doing menial chores for Porpora, his master, not persevered against the obstacles that beset him, we would not now know the name of Haydn.

Händel was another to meet parental opposition to his music study; but this was overcome and his early life was full of success in study and in composition. But later came failure,—failure in keeping in the good graces of the public, and failure financially, for Händel became bankrupt as a result of his operatic enterprises; and not only this, but broken health was added to the obstacles that stood in his way. But out of this failure of health, finance, and popularity came those grandest of oratorios, "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson."

And then in later years, when deprived of eyesight, even this was not an obstacle to which he gave way. No obstacle seemed to daunt him, no trouble seemed insurmountable. Certain it is that Händel's life teaches the lesson of perseverance.

Every student of the life of Bach will remember the obstacles in his path, both as boy and as man. You will recall the story of how he managed to get his little hands through the latticed cupboard doors and get the forbidden music; how he copied it by the bright moonlight in his garret; and how the cruel brother, discovering this copy, destroyed the boy's six months of work. Well, that was one example of the boy's perseverance. How many boys of eleven nowadays are so in love with their music?

While his life was one of fair content, we would call it one of poverty; for the year's salary of this greatest of organists a modern fourth-rate organist would not consider adequate compensation for a month. His very burial-place was forgotten, and his wife was buried at the town's expense.

The man of the greatest genius was combined with the man of the greatest perseverance and the result was,—a Bach.

The old Roman said: "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," and the musician must either persevere or be nobody; for no matter what the genius, if it is not accompanied by the necessary factor of perseverance he will be as nothing in the musical life.

THE MOST DIFFICULT PIECE.

BY DR. HENRY G. HANCHETT.

THE ETUDE, some months ago, contained a report of an investigation made in Europe to ascertain the opinion of pianists regarding the question as to what was the most difficult composition for their instrument. This reminded me of an episode in the life of a young aspirant,

who afterward attained a reputation as a brilliant pianist, of which I heard a good many years ago. His attention had been called by an old musician to a statement in "Wollenhaupt and Hagen's Piano Method," which was then in vogue, to the effect that Liszt's arrangement of the overture to "William Tell" was the most difficult composition ever produced in piano-forte form. The aspiring lad immediately ordered a copy of the work, framed it, and hung it over his bed where he might see it the first thing on awakening in the morning, and gain inspiration therefrom. He could not play "one end of it," as the saying is, but he could look forward to it as a sort of goal, and hope that when he could play that he could play anything ever written for his instrument.

I think it was Mr. Mathews who recommended the early introduction of difficult pieces in the course of study in piano playing, for the inspiration and enthusiasm they are apt to engender in the youthful mind. The fire and impetuosity of youth certainly carry talented pupils through the acquisition of notes in a way that older students might well envy, and the finish required for artistic completeness in the interpretation is much easier added to a piece in mature life, if the notes are well at command from an acquaintance secured in youth, provided there are no habitual crudities and errors to overcome.

There is no question at all that artistic perfection in every mechanical and technical detail cannot be too strongly insisted upon, but it may be doubted if it is essential to limit students to those pieces which they can play satisfactorily if they have an ambition to take up works too difficult for them to finish at the time they are first attempted. The danger is that pieces so undertaken may become distasteful or worn out for the pupil before they are finally finished, or they may be overlooked or forgotten by the teacher, or a change of teacher may prevent their being perfected,—the result in either case being a practical lesson in slipshod methods, than which nothing could be more disastrous for a pupil's real progress. The plan of allowing a pupil to undertake what is manifestly beyond his ability should, therefore, be resorted to very sparingly, and only in case of talented, ambitious, and enthusiastic pupils, who manifest signs of discouragement as a result of what seems to them a too plodding course.

The mission of the teacher of art in the development of character is chiefly to impress upon the mind of the student the value of perfection for its own sake, and to show that perfection in the finished work, whatever it may be, depends upon the securing of perfection in every one of the most minute elementary details that enter into that finished work. Although, as just said, there may be special reasons why perfection in one direction may be temporarily ignored for the sake of gaining a point equally valuable in another direction, such a course should never be allowed except with a full appreciation of its danger, and a clear idea of the special point to be gained by the temporary variation from the prescribed path. The teacher must know every step of the route and believe in taking every one thoughtfully and intelligently; but he should avoid being a slave to routine. The order of the steps is not quite the same for every pupil, and the results in character-building for the pupil are worth even more than the results in piano playing. What the pupil learns to do he may forget in after-life; what he learns to be will stick by him as long as existence.

—"It is not the savage chief only who, in formidable war paint, with scalps at his belt, aims to strike awe into his inferiors; it is not only the belle who, by elaborate toilet, polished manners, and numerous accomplishments, strives 'to make conquests'; but the scholar, the historian, the philosopher use their acquirements to the same end. . . . Not what knowledge is of most real worth is the consideration; but what will bring most applause, honor, and respect—what will most conduce to social position and influence—what will be most imposing. As, throughout life, not what we are, but what we shall be thought, is the question, so, in education, the question is not the intrinsic value of knowledge so much as its extrinsic effects on others."—Herbert Spencer.

HOW TO FORM AN AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

BY CORA STANTON BROWN.

IN forming a musical society the first question to be considered is, "What shall we do?"

This article is designed to answer that question for one set of students.

The amateur musical society appeals to that large class who stand between pupils and professionals, and includes those who have the love for music without much knowledge, as well as those who are so proficient in both theory and practice that they might, from their qualifications, take rank with professionals. But there are many who have given much time to the study and practice of the means to produce music, who yet are not conversant with musical history and the philosophy underlying art.

Before we can have an understanding of music as it is now and certainly before making a study of the philosophy that is anything but external, an understanding of this development is necessary. So then first we will study the history of modern music.

How shall we set about it?

The programmes which are given here have been successfully used by a number of societies, some having a considerable degree of proficiency in performance and knowledge of music in general among the members; others being carried out by members not so well educated musically. I shall, of course, address myself to those who most need information and are most inexperienced in this line of work.

Music must be heard to be understood, and no amount of talk about music will educate us musically, still all that we can learn about music will add to our power of appreciation and understanding. But remember this is but a means to the end. The end is music. Technic is very necessary to the full comprehension of anything, but it must always be kept subordinate to the thing itself. For instance, the object of the musical society is the cultivation of the love and understanding of music among the members and those with whom they come in contact. Now, in the society there is danger of losing sight of the end by becoming too much interested in the tools, i. e. the members themselves. Certainly we should be interested in one another but never to the extent that the personality of a member obscures her work.

There is danger of vanity in a musical society, of thinking of ourselves and our achievements to the partial exclusion from the mind of the "divine art." If there is vanity there is self-consciousness and fear of unkind criticism, and the musical society is out of harmony with its highest ideal.

The attitude of the members toward one another must be that of kindly appreciation of every effort, a recognition of the sensitive nature that is inseparable from the artistic temperament, and cultivation of the true critical spirit.

Never forget that the object of the society is to spread enjoyment. Criticism is misunderstood when it is supposed to consist of finding faults. A master mind sees the good, and the more understanding of the subject one has the more of good he is able to find and the more readily does he excuse the faults, for his knowledge gives him the power to account for them. The higher literary criticism of the day is synthetic rather than analytic, is free from prejudice and comparison with a standard authority. It aims to judge a work by its correspondence to the good and true as they exist in the mind of the critic and concur with his experience. It is a changing of external authority to internal, of deciding for one's self—self-reliance. When one passes judgment he simply shows where he stands in knowledge, he does not change the object of his judgment; he neither lifts by his praise nor pulls down by his adverse criticism.

Let us then look for the good points. We know that what is not true will die of itself if left alone.

But on the other hand, while looking always for the best, do not blind yourselves to faults lest you lose the power of discrimination. In short, notice the good to publish it; leave the bad so without notice that it shall

have no encouragement to live and will drop off without pain to the one who puts it forth or to the observer.

Then there is the relation of the society as a whole to the outside world. If harmony exists within it will be an easy matter to establish harmonious relations with its little world.

Let some plan of inviting guests be made which will enable the people of the community to catch the spirit of enthusiastic, loving study which pervades the club.

In a community without musical taste the society is a means of education. If the guests are to be entertained by the performances of the members one great point for success is to give just enough. Better send people away hungry than over-fed. One hour of music is enough for any performers except artists.

If your town is not visited by artists the musical society can make it part of its work to arrange for concerts by foreign talent. One society has a delightful feature in what is called the "outside work," that is, to provide music periodically in all the hospitals in the city. Another work that might be taken up is the giving of programmes for those who cannot, or at least do not, otherwise hear good music. Anything approaching college-settlement work may be made part of the "outside work." All these things mean individual development of other qualities that make life beautiful, and what is given individually or by the society will come back with interest.

The membership should be divided into classes according to the wishes and abilities of the members. It is a good plan to have student members who shall come for a fee smaller than associates pay, and who when they are able to take their places as active members will be thoroughly in sympathy with and understand the spirit of the society.

Among active members it may be a good plan to choose some who, while they are not "practical musicians," that is, do not play or sing, may yet have so much knowledge of music as to make them valuable literary members. It is best, however, for the members to insist that those who play and sing shall also write. Until more in the way of general culture is demanded of musicians, music will not take the place it should occupy as a factor in civilization. Fortunately that is coming about very fast now.

What have we then for a day's programme?

There are several ways in which it may be carried out. A paper, or two papers, one with vocal illustrations, one with instrumental illustrations, the music to consist of as much variety as to instruments and combinations as possible,—always remembering that quality is the first consideration—a reading from some standard work or magazine; a report of current musical events; sketches of composers,—explanations of forms give a wide field of choice. Add to these the favorite flower of the composer of the day, the pictures that bear in any way upon the programme, the colors of the nation whose music is that day considered.

There are numberless suggestions on this line that will come from the bright minds of enthusiastic workers.

Above all, remember that whatever ideal you hold for your society, each individual must reach in herself, for the society has no life except the life of the individuals, no ideal higher than that of its members, no influence except that of the minds and hearts that compose it.

The principles that underlie the life of a successful musical society are those that underlie the life of a successful individual,—knowledge, conscience, and love.

—According to Berlioz, the origin of the leadership of the "concertmeister," or first violin, in an orchestra arose from the deafness of Beethoven, when "the musicians, in order that they might keep together, eventually agreed to follow the slight indications of time which the concertmeister gave them, and not to attend to Beethoven's conducting stick." Every amateur knows, moreover, that until a comparatively recent period the conductor himself played a violin or sat at the piano to indicate the tempo. Sir George Grove thinks that Spohr was the first to use a baton, at a Philharmonic concert in 1820. There is, however, a tradition that Heinrich Albert used a conductor's stick in Germany as early as the first half of the seventeenth century.

BLASTS FROM "THE RAM'S HORN."

- Every fact is the child of a thought.
 - A valuable commodity—elbow grease.
 - Small courtesies make great gentlemen.
 - To be a lion, is to have a lion's enemies.
 - Too many explanations often want explaining.
 - You can't be kind and always be your own kind.
 - Selfishness is a little world inhabited by one man.
 - Faith is harder to get than gold and easier to lose.
 - Make a list of the things you can't afford not to do.
 - If some people would laugh more, their doctor bills would be less.
 - The man who gives help to another, learns how best to help himself.
 - When some people have nothing to say, they seem to talk the most.
 - Do what you can do well, and you will soon be able to do much better.
 - If we try to please everybody, we shall soon have the respect of nobody.
 - Never talk on a subject upon which you have no experience or knowledge.
 - Something is sure to be accomplished by the man who sticks to one thing.
 - Whoever has a good temper, will be sure to have many other good things.
 - Time is wasted in trying to make a trotter out of a horse with a broken leg.
 - When a wise man and a fool are thrown together, the fool does all the talking.
 - Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—*Madame de Staël*.
 - If we see nothing good in others, they will not be likely to see much good in us.
 - Many people want to move mountains, simply to attract attention to themselves.
 - The man who loafs when he should be at work, will have to work when he might rest.
 - Every man should remember that other people are setting their watches by his clock.
 - The man who always does his best, will find a steady demand for the things that he can do.
 - The artist gets a glimpse of heaven in the meadow, where the farmer sees only so much hay.
 - If we do not make a good use of what we have, it is a proof that we have been given too much.
 - The man who thinks one way and talks another, has not much to say nor a convincing way of saying it.
 - Look at it this way: The world and everything in it is yours to help you make a true man of yourself.
 - If we have only one talent, we may win as high favor as the man who has five, if we will only improve it as well.
- ...
- Paderewski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where Paderewski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented. When the lad came home his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home."

AWAY WITH METHODS!

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

It is said that the great philosopher, Kant, never left the city of Königsberg, and that within this narrow space he confined his movements to a few streets in which he transacted his business and took his daily constitutional. Yet, this narrow space contained all the elements of a world for him and furnished the entire material for his synthetic and transcendental philosophy. Any other place would have been just as well; the smallest lense can encompass the largest space; and I think that for the study of humanity no place offers better opportunities than a teacher's studio. All the classifiable species of humanity, masculine and feminine, at one time or another they will turn up at a teacher's studio.

There is the lady who tells you her family history four generations back, and then wants one lesson every two weeks for her daughter. Then there is the man who is afraid that he might inadvertently acquire the skill of a professional, and guards against it by warning you that he wants to learn music "only for pleasure," meaning, of course, that he wants to play only the worst kind of music. There is also the cautious father, who in bringing his child to you tells you that he "doesn't want to make a mistake" and inquires into your career, your associations, your morals, your health, generally forgetting only your teeth and your musicianship. There are also those who want to know "how long it takes!"

But the funniest, though most frequent type is the parent who either starts the preliminaries by asking "What method do you teach?" or by telling you "We want the Leipzig method" (or Stuttgart, or for that matter, Podunk), and then asks: "Do you teach it?" I remember how startled the good lady was when I answered: "No, ma'am, I teach music!" Indeed, I have often wondered what people mean by "method."

A *method* is a suitable arrangement of things on general lines; a *system* is very much the same, only based upon some *one* principle (as, for instance, the splendid Mason system of two finger exercises); and a *plan* is a programme of procedure. Most of our patrons cannot distinguish between these three terms (which, by the way, is unnecessary for them), and seem to think that a "method" is some sort of short cut, or royal road, or Nuremberg funnel, in the only and exclusive possession of this or that school, and its beatified graduates. Hence the business of the "representative of the X-Y-Z method," and that of the "Vorbereiters (preparers) for this or that method" blooms and thrives in this our blessed and glorious country. Well, to tell the truth, I have found many a one among that ilk to be a real good musician in spite of the "method" (though not all, by far not all), and again many a one who never taught his "method" at all, using the name of the "real, true, and only" inventor of the "method" only as an advertisement, and then teaching good, solid music like other decent folk. Those are all right! but who can tell which one of them is a method-crank and which is not? and therefore it is pretty safe to say: Beware of the teacher with a method!

Is there any method that teaches a new way of fingering, of touch, of phrasing, of conception? Is there one that embodies a new principle, that were its exclusive property? Is not every new development in art or science at once the common property of all who live and learn? And (to illustrate only by one matter) if your teacher is ignorant of, say, the principle of finger changing in rapid passages where a tone recurs after only one or two others, is it the fault of his *method*, or of *himself*? for he might have known it as well as any other teacher, — books, pamphlets, etc., being cheap nowadays and of easy access—and he *ought* to have known it; moreover, he should and would have known it were he not a mere mechanical repeater of a small stock of learning acquired thirty-five or forty years ago, but an artist *who lives in his art*, progresses with the times, and demonstrates or manifests his ability in some way besides telling you merely how things ought to be done.

This leads me to a thought that recurs to my mind oftener every year. I hardly dare to express it; for fear

of conflicting with the livelihood of many a one who would perhaps be much more useful as a book agent or tidy-maker than as a music teacher. However, it is only an idea, and subject to correction, and so—here goes! We hear so often of people who "do not play very well themselves, nor compose, but are great teachers." I don't believe a word of it! A person might have had to quit playing owing to some sad accident, or have grown too feeble for the physical exertion, or whatever, but there must have been executive or creative ability before; the artistic nature of the teacher must have craved some mode of utterance, or else there wasn't any artistic nature! And if there wasn't any, why, good luck to the pupils,—I have had some of them in my studio, for repair, as it were, and, bless their souls, they did teach me patience! Yes, I think every teacher must be an artist; if he has not the technic to play Balakireff's "Islamey," well and good, let him play "Des Abends," by Schumann, *but he must play it artistically*; whatever lies within the scope of his mechanism must be rendered with consummate art,—with that art which conceals itself and has become second nature—or else I would not intrust my child to him even for the A-B-C, may his "method" be whatever.

I can hardly understand that people run after a method, such as Leschetitzky's, for instance, when they see an exponent of it like Paderewski; for, aside from the fact that I still * consider the latter's playing not so very much above mediocrity, plus a large dash of mental unbalancedness, they forget that Mr. Paderewski has a great talent which would have developed under any decent teacher, irrespective of "method"; and further, that he is so far pretty nearly the only pupil of note whom that "method" has brought out. There are two or three others who claim Leschetitzky as their "master"—but I heard them before they went to him, and liked them better than afterwards. This, however, is merely an illustration, and not a proof or an argument against Leschetitzky, who used to be well known as a skilful player of that lighter class of music to which also his compositions belong. The "bringing out" of pupils is not within the teacher's control; if he has talented pupils he will make something of them, if not, why then he must confine himself to the endeavor of making the pupils musical, especially through the esthetic part of his teaching, enable them to listen with intelligence, to play well what their technic warrants them to attempt, and make them *love* music instead of twisting their minds and fingers into his "method." Away with "methods," I say! Of course I do not mean the printed Piano-schools, or exercise collections by that term, but that pedagogical straight-jacket which ruins so many, many trustful, innocent, and often not untalented pupils.

But hold! There is *one* method I must exempt from my anathema; one method I believe in and adhere to in my daily work. It is simple enough: *put your heart and soul into your teaching, love your work, be enthusiastic in your love of good music*; you will see that this enthusiasm is contagious, and that the pupil's heart will grasp at many an impression which his mind failed to seize. Alas, and alack! That this should be the only "method" which cannot be learned!

* I have expressed myself more fully on this subject three years ago in the *Musical Courier*.

—The following exceedingly interesting portion of a personal letter from Mr. Wm. F. Apthorpe, the distinguished musical essayist, to Mr. Henry T. Finck, is given by the latter to the readers of *The Looker-On*:

"Of course there can be no serious difference of opinion, in the end, about the relative greatness of Bach and Händel; I fancy you and I think pretty much alike on that head. Only I have thought it politic—in a good sense of the word—to insist on Bach's superiority (or, if you prefer; Händel's inferiority) as little as possible. After all, the difference between the two is a difference between 'two infinities'; and it has seemed to me for the last several years that Händel was in some danger of being cast unduly into the shade by the growing cult of his (really) greater contemporary. One of the chief dangers has been, and still is, that a large portion of our musical public—perhaps larger in Boston than in

New York—are very familiar with Händel, but from your, my, and Franz's point of view, *know him all wrong*. And there is a chance of their growing to know Bach, not *all right*, to be sure, but *less wrong* than they have known Händel. Händel, to my mind, labors under the hugest mass of accumulated, vicious tradition to be found in the whole history of musical performance; Bach, *Gott sei Dank*, labors under next to no tradition at all. All he has to face to-day is the average stupidity of 'interpreters'; Händel has to face this same stupidity *plus* the vile tradition (principally English). Hence my solicitude for Händel.

"I am fully persuaded that that fine old robber's 'tiresomeness' comes from that villainous state of things which Franz tried so hard to counteract. With all Bach's superior versatility and originality, Händel at times showed an intrinsic *majesty* and sense of true grandeur that have never been equaled by anyone. When he gets at his D trumpets and kettle-drums he beats the world."

RULES, MAXIMS, AND SAYINGS.

FOR STUDENTS.

BY ALFRED H. HAUSRATH.

- As tastes differ so do ears.
- Jealousy was never yet applauded.
- Leave no stone unturned, not even a pebble.
- Art is long, but it makes many an hour short.
- Too much of the playing is mere finger exercise.
- Cheerfulness and success usually go hand in hand.
- Music is a moral magnet that draws forth only the best qualities.
- Not until the last day of your life have you learned all that you can.
- Some musicians are successful men, and some men are successful musicians.
- There are too many unimportant questions asked, and not enough important ones.
- He who will never question for fear of showing ignorance will have ignorance for a steadfast companion.
- Professionally some people are like floating balloons. Probe them with a sharp point, and down they come.
- The greatest applause often emanates from the densest ignorance. Respect the cool approval or the frigid silence of a judge.
- The dullest youngster may often develop into the brightest man; but the idler never yet became great except as an idler.
- Do not grow angry with people because they do not enjoy the classics and will have none of them; such deserve your sympathy.
- He who cannot "turn a tune" often loves music more than some who can. Because we wear no gems is no proof that we care not for them.
- Learn to study your audience whenever possible, and remember that the "Old Black Joe" enthusiast is not likely to rave over John Sebastian Bach.
- The musician who has talent and knowledge with comparatively no technic, is like a sailing-vessel without a rudder. We cannot steer a ship with a lath.
- Just then when you feel discouraged is the time either to rest or to labor most. The indolent will choose the former always, the industrious only sometimes.
- I would rather be a poor honest toiler in the field of art than a rich idle loungeur in a palace. And I would rather wave the director's baton than the king's scepter.
- Of course proficiency presupposes unremitting labor; therein rests the honor. You can no more exist professionally in perfection without previous labor, than you can continue to live without drawing breath.
- Why do you play? merely to kill time or to make yourself and others happy? If you have much time to get rid of, there are a thousand and one ways that you could be useful to humanity. Remember the commandment "Thou shalt not kill!"

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND HOW TO CURE IT.

BY ANNA FARQUHAR.

If I may condense my sermon into its text, to begin with I will say—think not of yourself but of what you have to tell, for therein lies the power of those born to give expression to beauty.

Reasoning backward from effect to cause we find the great genius when performing on his instrument so lost in temperamental excitement, exaltation, and joy in expression that his technic, perfected by years of previous drudgery, is automatic as is the use of a pen to a writer; the one forgets he plays or sings, the other that he writes, so absolutely immersed is he in the emotion—the thought, in fact, he is but thinking aloud, the audience forgotten, excepting as its presence lends sympathy and encouragement. The man gifted as a conversationalist talks better before people than he would to himself; so with the musical genius, he loves to give his best with the unconsciousness of self shown by most children.

We see at once that my text does not apply to the genius or to those blessed by nature with the same gifts to a slighter degree than the genius, but to those who suffer keenly through self-consciousness, frequently hiding a fine musical gift under a bushel by means of it.

Through many years of observation concerning this matter I have noticed that in cases of musical self-consciousness the individuals possessed were invariably egotistically conscious in all directions—that is, absorbed in thinking, "what will people say if I do this or that?"

We can take our choice of epithets defining the condition,—fear, nervousness, or egoism, but I must perforce incline to belief in the latter because fear includes an element apprehending consequences and nervousness, a physical defect, while the ego,—big self, little self, and middle-sized self—is plainly visible behind self-consciousness.

Right here I would say, to my mind there is a marked difference between *egoism* and *egotism*, the former implying immoderate thought of self, the latter vanity of self.

No matter how interesting a personality one may have, an audience cares only in a measure for it when listening to what one can tell of Beethoven, Schumann, or Brahms. The audience feels when you become conscious as though you had started to tell a good story but stopped now and then to relate some important personal item—a prolix style of punctuation at best.

An aspirant for literary fame went one time to a famous writer asking for advice, and this was what he got—"First of all be sure you have something to tell, then tell it." When one sits down to play Beethoven one is absolutely certain one has something to tell (that is a foregone conclusion much more satisfying than the uncertainty of a young writer about his own creations) and the one thing to do is to tell Beethoven to your best ability, putting yourself as entirely in the background as possible.

Remember how beauty in musical form pours through Paderewski! But that was not always so to the present extent; there was a time when even if he knew Beauty as intimately as he does now he was limited in his expression of her, but it was not self which befogged his vision; no! the fault lay in the imperfectness of his channel of expression—his technic—not so much a lack of flexibility as of breadth, according to those who heard him in his early youth. This only illustrates what is generally conceded, that, even if our gift be phenomenal, we must broaden and free the channel of expression by every means within our power, then beauty can flow down the stream without one thought of former barriers.

The Italian organ-grinder doubtless has better music in his heart than his worn-out organ can produce, just as the pigeon-toed man may have a fine ideal of graceful walking, but until his muscles are trained to toe-out he is bound to toe-in.

We all agree that technic is absolutely necessary as a means of interpretation, but what is it worth musically if the individual is bereft of feeling for the thought he is

trying to express. He produces but an anatomically perfect corpse.

Music is an emotional art. If its exponents have no emotions, or cannot express other people's, or hide such possibilities behind such thoughts as "Oh! if I can only get through that last phrase on the third page!" "My hands are getting cold: I'm afraid my fingers will slip." "I'm certain I shall forget!" the vitality of music is on the decline.

You certainly will forget if you think of forgetting instead of what you are about to tell, and your fingers will slip much more readily if you insist with yourself that they are going to slip, if by force of will, if necessary, you must concentrate your entire thought and being upon the temperamental side of what you are about to do; then if technical faults appear in the course of your performance console yourself with believing they would have been more frequent otherwise and your listeners left without a single tingle of enjoyment. All of this applies particularly to the present time when the masses are beginning to realize the aim and influence of music as an art—not as a succession of sounds made to tickle the ears with as much effect as does a waterfall.

In every human heart there are emotions of long or short range according to the state of development the individual has reached. Particularly in the case of people devoid of personal means of expression do they revel in a reflection of their own feelings held up to them by the artist whose highest mission is in reflecting the noblest emotions, not the lowest.

Do many of the people who remember Patti in her prime dwell upon her marvelous executive powers? No, they simply wondered over that as a child does over snow flakes falling, recalling with reverence and tenderness her singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," the only deep expressions of emotion to which she ever gave vent and the single features of her performances they entirely understood.

When the personality of the musician is truly great by lending its charm to a composition, in perfect sympathy with the thought, the combination occasionally transcends the original conception of the composer. But only a rare, rich nature can venture upon this line of interpretation. The father of the emotionalizer, Richard Wagner, wrote to his truest friend and sympathizer, Franz Liszt: "You are by nature the genuine, happy artist; who not only produces but also represents. Whatever formerly as a pianist you might play, it was always the personal communication of your beautiful individuality which revealed entirely new and unknown things to us, and he only was able and competent to judge you, to whom you had played in a happy mood. This new and indescribably individual element was still dependent on your personality, and without your actual presence it did not, properly speaking, exist." But even so note that Wagner says only those who listened to Liszt when he played in a happy mood (but an insufficient translation too of the German phrase) comprehended him, because at other times his temperamental forces were weakened—less vital.

The so-called "intellectual musician" decries the emotional side of his art, bemoaning its lowering tone and sensuous influence. Does not the truly intellectual man have his emotions? The higher the intellect the higher the emotions in the Elysian state, even if isolated cases of morally unbalanced genius go to disprove that statement.

So, I say to the diseased ego of self-conscious people, in your daily work cultivate your probably limited emotional feeling for music, then use your intellect to guide and refine that feeling. Learn to concentrate your mind upon the work in hand; will yourself to forget everything outside the musical thought to be given out; be alone with the composition as nearly as possible, and relax the poor, strained nerves which in such condition will always bar the way to success.

A certain kind of nervous excitement is inspiring to the performer, but that is distinctly different from the condition to which I refer. The other excitement is that experienced by a charming girl going to her first ball all aglow nervously with the thought of what is before her; the self-conscious nervous condition is like that of the bashful country girl afraid to speak for fear people will

look at her. The latter is sometimes converted into a semblance of the former by strong desire and experience: just so the timid musician can blossom into a performer with a sufficient amount of aplomb to be interesting if he will fight against that tiresome ego of his. To be sure he cannot hope for the spontaneity of the individual "to the manner born," but the art of being natural is almost as satisfying as nature herself.

This principle applies to every form of art.

The picture becomes dry and conventional, when the painter is embarrassed with an insecure technic and thought of how his works will affect other people; the novel or drama is "bare and unprofitable" when between the lines we see this same self-consciousness.

Delsarte knew this principle well when he advocated physical culture along the lines of "Power in Repose."

It is no easy battle, the conquest of self either in music or morals,—but given some talent, much determination, and increasing powers of concentration any one ought to arrive at the state where he could faithfully, and without tremor "hold the mirror up to nature," either near or afar according to his endowments and capacity for work.

George Ferris says in his study of Robert Schumann's life, "Robert Schumann's law studies were inexpressibly tedious to him, and so he told his sympathetic professor, the learned Thibaut, author of the 'Treatise on the Purity of Music,' in a characteristic manner. He went to the piano and played Weber's 'Invitation to the Waltz,' commenting on the different passages: 'Now she speaks—that's the love prattle; now he speaks—that's the man's earnest voice; now both the lovers speak together,' concluding with the remark, 'Isn't all that better far than anything that jurisprudence can utter.'"

The greatest difficulty with the self-conscious person is his unwillingness to follow out Socrates' advice, "Know thyself!" He will not admit the imputation of egoism but lays all the blame upon his unoffending nerves. 'Tis human nature to listen more readily to a song of our praises than a song of our faults, but there is small hope for those who repudiate with resentment this idea instead of facing the fact or investigating the pros and cons of it, at least.

At one time I knew a singer who had sung herself into local prominence in one of our largest American cities. After ten years of public work she was in agony every time her turn came, and what she called her nervousness was increasing instead of diminishing every year. I watched her carefully both from the green-room and from the front, finding to my own satisfaction the cause of her trouble. Originally her voice had been uncommonly good, but she became one of the followers of a complicated, mechanical, high-sounding method, and on going on the stage she was singing method instead of her songs. Then, too, she lived on the plane of little things, allowing herself to constantly wonder and care what effect she might be producing at every turn of life. The combination of method and egoism was making her self-conscious to a degree, but no reasoning or criticism to that effect, however kindly put, would have brought her to believe this.

A pianist said to me once in the green-room before going on to give a recital, in reply to my question as to whether he was nervous or not, "It might be called that. I'm anxious to do my best, but I always go on with the feeling that I am offering my best, 'and angels can do no more.' The people can take it or leave it just as they like."

The adoption of this attitude is worth giving the trial at any rate.

Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well, and as the Irishman said to his nervous, fluttery wife, "Mary be aisy; but if ye can't be aisy be as aisy as ye can."

"The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed—and then the victory. The quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature without it."—Goethe.

MOZART'S JOURNEY FROM VIENNA TO PRAGUE.

A ROMANCE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

Translated for THE ETUDE by F. LEONARD.

IN the fall of the year 1787, Mozart and his wife undertook a journey to Prague, where he was to finish and bring out his masterpiece, "Don Juan."

Eleven o'clock of the fourteenth morning of September found them well on their way, and in the best of spirits.

They had been traveling two days, and were about one hundred and twenty miles from Vienna, among the beautiful Mährische mountains. The splendid coach, drawn by three post-horses, belonged to an elderly Frau Volkstett, wife of General Volkstett, who prided herself on her intimacy with the Mozarts, and on the favors she had shown them. The carriage was painted a bright yellowish-red, the body adorned with garlands of gay-colored flowers, the wheels finished with narrow stripes of gold. The high top was fitted with stiff leather curtains, now drawn back and fastened.

The dress of the travelers was simple, for the new clothes to be worn at court were carefully packed in the trunk. Mozart wore an embroidered waistcoat, of a somewhat faded blue, his ordinary brown coat,—with a row of large, curiously fashioned gilt buttons—black silk stockings and small-clothes, and shoes with gilt buckles. As the day grew warm, unusually warm for September, he had taken off both hat and coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves, bare-headed, serenely chatting. His thick hair, drawn back into a braid, was powdered even more carelessly than usual.

Frau Mozart's hair, a wealth of light brown curls, never disfigured by powder, fell, half unfastened, upon her shoulders. She wore a traveling-suit of striped stuff,—light green and white.

They were slowly ascending a gentle slope, where rich fields alternated with long stretches of woodland, when Mozart exclaimed:

"How many woods we have passed every day of our journey, and I hardly noticed them, much less thought of going into them! Postilion, stop and let your horses rest a bit, while we get some of those blue-bells yonder in the shade!"

As they rose to leave the coach they became aware of a slight accident for which the master had to take the blame. Through his carelessness a bottle of choice perfume had lost its cork, and its contents had run, unperceived, over clothing and carriage cushions.

"I might have known it," lamented Frau Mozart, "I have smelled it this long while! Oh dear! A whole bottle of real 'Rosée d'Aurore!' I was as careful of it as if it had been gold!"

"Never mind, little goose," was Mozart's comforting answer. "This was the only way that your sacred smelling-stuff would do us any good. The air was like an oven here, and all your fanning made it no cooler. But presently the carriage was comfortable—you said it was because I poured a couple of drops on my *jabot*—and we could talk and enjoy our journey instead of hanging our heads like sheep in a butcher's cart. It will last all the rest of the way. Come now, let us stick our two Viennese noses into this green wilderness!"

They climbed the bank arm-in arm, and strolled into the shade of the pines, which grew deeper and deeper, till only here and there a stray sunbeam lighted up the green mossy carpet. So cool was the air that Mozart soon had to put on the coat, which, but for his prudent wife, he would have left behind.

Presently he stopped and looked up through the rows of lofty tree-trunks.

"How beautiful!" he cried. "It is like being in church! This is a real wood, a whole family of trees! No human hand planted them, but they seem to have come and stood there just because they wanted to be together! To think that I have traveled half over Europe, have seen the Alps and the ocean, and yet, happening to come into an ordinary Bohemian pine-woods, I am astonished that such a thing actually exists; not as a poetic fiction like the nymphs and fawns, but really living, drawn out of the earth by moisture and sunshine! Imagine the deer, with his wonderful antlers, at home

here, and the mischievous squirrel, the wood-cock, and the jay!" He stooped and picked a mushroom, praised its deep red color and delicate white lines, and he put a handful of cones into his pocket.

"Any one would think that you had never walked a dozen steps in the Prater," said his wife, "these same rare cones and mushrooms are to be found there too!"

"The Prater! Heavens, how can you mention it! What is there in the Prater but carriages and swords, gowns and fans, music, and hubbub! As for the trees, large as they are,—well, even the acorns on the ground seem like second-cousins to the old corks lying beside them! You could walk there two hours, and still smell waiters and sauces!"

"Oh, what a speech from a man whose greatest pleasure is to eat a good supper in the Prater!"

After they had returned to the carriage and sat watching the smiling fields which stretched away to the mountains behind them, Mozart exclaimed:

"Indeed the earth is beautiful, and no one can be blamed for wanting to stay on it as long as possible. Thank God, I feel as fresh and strong as ever, and ready for a thousand things as soon as my new opera is finished and brought out. But how much there is in the outside world, and how much at home, both wonderful and beautiful, that I know nothing about! Beauties of nature, sciences, and both fine arts and useful arts! That black charcoal-burner there by his kiln knows just as much as I do about many things. And I should like well enough to look into some subjects that are not connected with my own trade!"

"The other day," interrupted his wife, "I came across your old pocket-calender for '85. There were three or four special memoranda at the end. One read, 'About the middle of October they are to cast the great lions at the imperial brass foundry.' Another was underlined twice, 'Call on Professor Gottner.' Who is he?"

"Oh yes, I remember! That kind old gentleman in the observatory, who invites me there now and then. I meant, long ago, to take you to see the moon and the man in it. They have a new telescope, so strong that they can see distinctly mountains and valleys and chasms, and on the side where the sun does not fall, the shadows of the mountains. Two years ago I planned to go there! Shameful!"

"Well, the moon will not run away."

"But it is so with everything. It is too hard to think of all that one puts off and loses, not duties only to God and to man, but pure pleasures, those small innocent pleasures which are within one's grasp every day!"

Madame Mozart could not or would not turn his thoughts into another channel, and could only agree with him as he went on:

"Have I ever been able to have a whole hour of pleasure with my own children? Even they can be only half enjoyed! The boys have one ride on my knee, chase me once around the room, and stop. I must shake them off and go! I cannot remember that we have had once a whole day in the country together, at Easter or Whitsuntide, in garden or woods or meadows to grow young again among the children and flowers. And meanwhile life is gradually slipping and running and rushing away from us! Dear Lord! To think of it!"

With such self-reproach began a serious conversation. How sad that Mozart, passionate as he was, keenly alive to all the beauties of the world, and full of the highest aspirations, never knew peace and contentment, in spite of all that he enjoyed and created in his short life. The reason is easily found in those weaknesses, apparently unconquerable, which were so large a part of his character. The man's needs were many; his fondness for society extraordinarily great. Honored and sought by all the families of rank, he seldom refused an invitation to a fete or social gathering of any sort. He had, besides, his own circle of friends whom he entertained of a Sunday evening, and often at dinner at his own well-ordered table. Occasionally, to the inconvenience of his wife, he would bring in unexpected guests of diverse gifts, any one whom he might happen to meet,—amateurs, fellow-artists, singers, poets. An idle hanger-on whose only merit lay in his companionable mood, or in his jests, was as welcome as a gifted connoisseur or a distinguished musician. But the greater part of his recreation Mozart

sought away from home. He was to be found almost every afternoon at billiards in the Kaffeehaus, and many an evening at the inn. He enjoyed both driving and riding, frequented balls and masquerades—a finished dancer—and took part in popular celebrations also, masquerading once on St. Bridget's Day as Perriot.

These pleasures, sometimes wild and extravagant, sometimes quieter in tone, were designed to refresh the severely taxed brain after extreme labors; and in the mysterious ways of genius they bore fruit in later days. But unfortunately he was so bent on enjoying to the full every moment of pleasure, that there was room for no other consideration, whether of prudence or duty, of self-preservation or of economy. Both in his amusements and in his creative activity Mozart knew no limits. Part of the night was always devoted to composition; early in the morning, often even while in bed, he worked. Then driving or walking he made the rounds of his lessons, which generally took a part of the afternoon also. "We take a great deal of trouble for our pupils, and it is often hard not to lose patience," he wrote to one of his patrons. "Because we are well recommended as pianists and teachers of music we load ourselves down with pupils, and are always willing to add another; if only the bills are promptly paid it does not matter whether the new student be a Hungarian mustachio from the engineer corps whom Satan has tempted to wade through Thorough-Bass and Counterpoint, or the haughtiest little countess who receives us in a fury, as she would Master Coquesel, the hair-dresser, if we do not arrive on the stroke of the hour." So, when weary with the occupations of his profession, school-work, and rehearsals as well as private lessons and needed refreshment, he gave his nerves a seeming restorative only in new excitement. His health began to suffer, and ever-recurring fits of melancholy were certainly fostered, if not actually induced by his ill health, and the premonition of his early death, which for a long time haunted him, was finally fulfilled. The deepest melancholy and remorse were the bitter fruits of every pleasure which he tasted. Yet we know that even these troubled streams ran pure and clear underneath, in the deep spring from which all joy and all woe flowed in marvelous melodies.

The effects of Mozart's illness showed most plainly when at home. The temptation to spend his money foolishly and carelessly was very great. It was due, in part, to one of his most lovely traits. If any one in need came to him to borrow money or to ask his name as security he consented at once, with smiling generosity and without making arrangements to insure the return of the loan. The means which such generosity, added to the needs of his household, required, were out of all proportion to his actual income. The sums which he received from theaters and concerts, from publishers and pupils, together with the Emperor's pension, were the smaller because the public taste was far from declaring itself in favor of Mozart's compositions. The very beauty, depth, and fulness of his music were, in general, opposed to the easily understood compositions then in favor. To be sure, the Viennese public could not get enough of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," thanks to its popular element. But on the other hand, several years later "Figaro" made a most unexpected and lamentable fiasco, in comparison with the success of its pleasing, though quite insignificant rival "Cosa rara,"*—and not alone through the intrigue of the manager. It was the same "Figaro" which, soon after, the cultivated and unprejudiced people of Prague received with such enthusiasm that the master, in gratitude, determined to write his next great opera for them.

But despite the unfavorable period and the influence of his enemies, Mozart, if he had been more prudent and circumspect, might have received a very considerable sum from his art. As it was, he was in arrears after every enterprise, even when full houses shouted their applause to him.

So circumstances, his own nature, and his own faults conspired to keep him from prosperity.

And what a sad life was that of Frau Mozart. She was young and of a cheerful disposition, musical, and of a musical family, and had the best will in the world to stop

* Opera by Martin.—Grose.

the mischief at the outset, and failing in that, to make up for the loss in great things by saving in small affairs. But she lacked, perhaps, skill and experience. She held the purse, and kept the account of the house expenses. Every claim, every bill, every vexation was carried to her. How often must she have choked back the tears when to such distress and want, painful embarrassment, and fear of open disgrace, was added the melancholy of her husband, in which he would remain for days, accomplishing nothing, refusing all comfort, and either sighing and complaining, or sitting silent in a corner, thinking continually of death. But she seldom lost courage, and almost always her clear judgment found counsel and relief, though it might be but temporary. In reality she could make no radical change in the situation. If she persuaded him in seriousness or in jest, by entreaties or by coaxing, to eat his supper and spend his evening with his family, she had gained but little. Perhaps, touched by the sight of his wife's distress, he would curse his bad habits and promise all that she asked, even more. But to no purpose; he would soon, unexpectedly, find himself in the old ruts again. One is tempted to believe that he could not do otherwise, and that a code of morals, totally different from our ideas of right and wrong, of necessity controlled him.

Yet Frau Constanze hoped continually for a favorable turn of affairs, a great improvement in their financial condition, which could hardly fail to follow Mozart's increasing fame. If the anxiety which always pressed upon him, more or less, could be lightened; if instead of devoting half his strength and time to earning money he could live only for his art, and, moreover, could enjoy with a clear conscience those pleasures which he needed for body and mind then he would grow calmer and more natural. She hoped, indeed, for an opportunity to leave Vienna, for in spite of his affection for the place she was convinced that he would never prosper there. Some decisive step toward the realization of her plans and wishes she promised herself as the result of the new opera, for which they were now on their way to Prague.

The composition was more than half written. Trusty friends and competent judges who had heard the beginning of the work talked of it with such enthusiasm, that many of Mozart's enemies, even, were prepared to hear, within six months, that his "Don Juan" had taken all Germany by storm. His more prudent and moderate friends, who took into consideration the state of the public taste, hardly expected an immediate and universal success. And with these the master himself agreed.

Constanze, however, was like all women. If once they hope, particularly in a righteous cause, they are less apt than men are to give heed to discouraging features. She still held fast to her favorable opinion, and had, even now, new occasion to defend it. She did so in her gay and lively fashion, the more earnestly because Mozart's spirits had fallen decidedly in the course of the previous conversation. She described minutely how, after their return, she should use the hundred ducats which the manager at Prague would pay for the score. That sum would supply their most pressing needs, and they could live comfortably till spring.

"Your Herr Bondine will fleece his sheep at the opera, you may be sure; and if he is half as honest as you think him, he will give you, besides, a fair per cent. of the price that other theaters pay him for their copies of 'Don Juan.' But even if he doesn't there are plenty of other good things that might happen to us; they are more probable too!"

"What, for instance?"

"A little bird told me that the King of Prussia needs a leader for his orchestra."

"Oh!"

"A general music director, I mean. Let me build you an air-castle! That weakness I got from my mother."

"Build away! The higher the better!"

"No, my air-castles are very real ones! In a year from now they'll be reporting——"

"If the Pope to Gretchen comes a-courting!"

"Keep quiet, you ridiculous goose! I tell you by the first of next September there will be no 'Imperial Court Composer' of the name of Wolf Mozart to be found in Vienna."

"May the foxes bite you for that!"

"I hear already what our old friends are saying about us."

"What, then?"

"Well, a little after nine o'clock in the morning our old friend and admirer Frau Volkstett comes sailing at full speed across the Kahlmarkt. She has been away for three months. That famous visit to her brother-in-law in Saxony that we have heard about every day has at last come off. She returned yesterday, and cannot wait any longer to see her dear friend, the Colonel's wife. Upstairs she goes and knocks at the door, and does not wait for an answer. You may imagine the rejoicing and the embracing on both sides. 'Now dearest, best Frau Colonel,' she begins after the greetings are over, 'I have so many messages for you. Guess from whom? I did n't come straight from Stendal, but by way of Brandenburg.'"

"What! Not through Berlin! You have n't been with the Mozarts?' 'Yes, ten heavenly days!' 'Oh, my dear, good Frau General, tell me all about them! How are our dear people? Do they like Berlin as well as ever? I can hardly imagine Mozart living in Berlin! How does he act? How does he look?' 'Mozart! You should see him! This summer the King sent him to Carlsbad. When would that have occurred to his dear Emperor Joseph? They had but just returned when I arrived. He is fairly radiant with health and good spirits, as sound and solid and lively as quicksilver, with happiness and comfort beaming from his countenance.'"

And then the speaker began to paint in the brightest colors the glories of the new position. From their dwelling on Unter den Linden, from their garden and country-house to the brilliant scenes of public activity and the smaller circle of the court—where he was to play accompaniments for the queen—all were vividly described. She recited, with the greatest ease, whole conversations, and the most delightful anecdotes. Indeed she seemed more familiar with Berlin, Potsdam, and Sans Souci than with the palace at Schönbrunn and the Emperor Joseph's castle. She was, moreover, cunning enough to depict our hero with many new domestic virtues which had developed on the firm ground of the Berlin life, and among which Frau Volkstett had perceived (as a most remarkable phenomenon and a proof that extremes sometimes meet) the disposition of a veritable miser,—and it made him altogether most charming.

"Yes, think of it! He is sure of his three thousand thalers, and for what? For directing a chamber concert once a week, and the opera twice. Ah, Frau Colonel, I have seen him, our dear, precious little man, in the midst of his excellent orchestra who adore him! I sat with Frau Mozart in her box right opposite the King's box. And what was on the posters, do you think? Look, please! I brought it for you, wrapped around a little souvenir from the Mozarts and myself. Look, read it, printed in letters a yard long!" "Heaven forbid! Not Tarare!" "Yes! What cannot one live through! Two years ago, when Mozart wrote 'Don Juan,' and the wretched, malicious, yellow, old Salieri was preparing to repeat in Vienna the triumph which he had won with his piece in Paris, and to show our good plain public, contented with 'Cosa rara' a hawk or two; while he and his arch-accomplice were plotting to present 'Don Juan' just as they had presented 'Figaro,' mutilated, ruined,—I vowed that if the infamous 'Tarare' was ever given, nothing should hire me to go to see it."

"And I kept my word. When everybody else ran to hear it—you too, Frau Colonel—I sat by my fire with my cat in my lap, and ate my supper. Twice after that, too. But now imagine! 'Tarare' on the Berlin stage, the work of his deadly foe, conducted by Mozart himself! 'You must certainly go,' he said, 'if it is only to be able to say in Vienna whether I had a hair clipped from Absalom's head. I wish he were here himself! The jealous old sheep should see that I do not need to bungle another person's composition in order to show off my own.'"

"Brava! Bravissima!" shouted Mozart, and taking his wife by the ears he kissed her and teased her till the play with the bright bubbles of an imaginary future,—

*"Tarare" the most important work of Salieri, first performed in Vienna, in Jan. 1788.—Grose.

which, sad to say, were never in the least to be realized—ended finally in laughter and jollity.

Meanwhile they had long ago reached the valley, and were approaching a town, behind which lay the small, modern palace of Count Schinzberg. In this town they were to feed the horses, to rest, and to take their noon-day meal.

(To be continued in next issue)

WHEN VOCALISTS SHOULD EAT.

"AMONG the questions which vocalists have to settle for themselves," says the London *Family Doctor*, "is that of eating. Some of the greatest singers of the world cannot sing for hours after they have eaten, while others must eat almost the last thing before attempting even a concert-selection. If the digestion of a vocalist be normal, it is best to eat about two hours before singing. The body should rest for three-quarters of an hour after eating, and, if possible, no faculty should be used arduously during that time. Reading interferes with digestion, and any mental exertion delays the process just so much longer. The animal which eats a good dinner and then lies down teaches a very good lesson, especially to vocalists. The food should be slowly digested and allowed to replenish every exhausted part of the system, then the voice is prepared to do good work. The stomach should be empty when great vocal effort is to be made, but it should not be in the weak state that follows want of food. The body replenished by food responds to the will with power and ease, and the vocalist appreciates how necessary a good physical condition is to a successfully sung aria. Attempting to sing on a heavy dinner is impossible. The voice, with a few minutes' practice, after eating, is usually very good, but there is no room to breathe, and the tones waver, while the phrases are broken by the inability to control the breath. The lungs require room to expand, and if the room is not there the effect is immediately observed. Patti uses so little breath that it seems as if she needed none at all, and this is the way every voice should be used. The facility with which she uses art spares her body any strain, and she exhausts about one-third of the amount of vital force when she sings that most vocalists are conscious that they use. She steps from the opera into the green-room capable of going through the scenes again, while others are too prostrated to speak. Her voice is fresh, and will remain so for years to come, simply because she is not demanding anything of the body or the throat. The voice should be the last organ to show declining power, and rightly used ought to be beautiful at sixty years of age. Little food, and only that of the simplest and most nutritious kind should be the rule by which singers should live."—*Werner's Magazine*.

GLADSTONE ON MUSIC.

IN awarding the prizes at a musical fete recently held at Hawarden, England, William E. Gladstone made the following comments on music in general:

"Half a century ago—yes, seventy years ago (for my recollection goes back as far as that, and a good deal farther)—musical feeling was a thing quite astonishing. It was not believed in England that a musical gift was a gift which God Almighty had made to the most of mankind. As that is the case, there are very few people who are wholly without musical faculty and feeling. If they are without it, it is because it has never been cultivated in them. I remember when I was young I used to dispute with people about that. They said: 'It is all nonsense to talk about music as a gift to the generality of mankind. The faculty of music is only given here and there, to one man here, and one woman there, etc., and it is an extremely rare endowment.' I deny that. I say if it is properly tended and properly brought out, it is a general gift in civilized, and even in barbarous, countries; and most certainly it is a gift that pervades the people of England, so far as nature's part is concerned. But people used to say to me, 'I cannot sing.' I said, 'Supposing that when you were a baby, and when you grew out of being a baby, your nurse always continued to carry you in her arms, do you think you would be able to walk? I am sure not. Well, you learn to walk by practicing walking, and you must learn to sing by practicing singing.' Beyond singing lies instrumental music, and there the progress made has been astonishing. It was to the last degree rare when I was young; it has now become very common. Every gathering of this kind does something to promote it."

Questions and Answers.

[Our subscribers are invited to send in questions for this department. Please write them on one side of the paper only, and not with other things on the same sheet. IN EVERY CASE THE WRITER'S FULL ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN, or the questions will receive no attention. In no case will the writer's name be printed to the questions in THE ETUDE. Questions that have no general interest will not receive attention.]

C. D. F.—In connection with "Landon's Foundation Materials" I would advise the use of a writing book, and with very young pupils a primer. When the book has been completed, "Mathews' Graded Course for the Pianoforte" might be taken up. The book ought to be finished, by the average pupil, in eighteen months. After you have finished "Mathews' Graded Course," Book II, and Wohlfardt's, you might try "Löw's Duets," Book II, and "Presser's School of Four-Hand Playing," Book II.

W. C. P.—1. Op. 740 of Czerny is intended to succeed his "Velocity Studies," Op. 299, and, for the average player, the grading will be natural. However, I would not advise taking up two of Czerny's works in succession, when there are so many other works of a more modern type, that will take their place.

2. Your question is simply on the difficulty that arises in playing two against three. We have published so much on this subject in recent numbers of THE ETUDE that we do not like to repeat now. In the case which you particularly mention—the passage from "Beethoven's Sonata," Op. 14, No. 2—you will have to play the hands separately until you can play it with perfect ease; then play both hands together. Where the least irregularity occurs return to playing the hands separately.

M. H. M.—Your question is of a personal nature, and therefore cannot be answered in this column. Had you given your address, you would have received a letter answering your question.

M. H.—1. I would not advise practicing scales and exercises entirely on the clavier, nor pieces entirely on the piano. The attention to tone-quality, as essential when practicing the former as the latter, can be given on the clavier only through observing strict directions as to touch. "Through the touch the tone" say clavier enthusiasts, and they are right; but there is another side deserving equal consideration, which is, "Through the tone the touch," by which I mean that conditions and positions of the physical members used in producing tone can be largely regulated by a right conception of tone-quality. Tone should be made the chief object of thought from the beginning, touch being considered only as the medium of tone-production—vastly important, indeed, but the means to the end, not the end. Some practice of pieces on the clavier is to be recommended, as when one is going through the repetitions essential to overcoming mechanical difficulties or to memorizing. The ear is thus prevented from becoming hardened as it were to the tonal side of the composition, is more easily appealed to when the piece is played on the piano, and is more capable of exercising discrimination as to quality and varieties of tone. Practice on the two instruments, however, should alternate very frequently.

2. I know of no great masters or artists who "used any instrument besides the piano to improve their technic." Schumann strongly condemned what was known in his day as the "dumb piano," but I think his view of the matter too one-sided, his condemnation too sweeping.

3. As none of the great pianists of the day practiced on the clavier, it cannot be considered essential to pianistic skill, although it may, if used with discretion and knowledge, facilitate technical progress.

4. I would advise a course of study with a teacher capable of dealing with "stiff, inelastic hands." If you do not know of such an one, get "Shimer's Introduction to Dr. Mason's Touch and Technic," and carefully and thoughtfully practice the exercises as directed.

5. Where there are five sixteenth notes in the treble to two eighth notes in the bass, you have two and a half of the former to one of the latter. The second eighth note in the bass is played instantly after the third sixteenth note in the treble. In cases of this kind, however, it is better not to be governed in practice by a consideration of the strict mathematical division of the notes; but practice with each hand separately until you can play the parts together, each sounding just the same as when played separately. It is a case, as a teacher once told me, of not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth—that is, of absolute independence of thought and action for each hand.

6. With Paderewski, Rosenthal, Theresa Carreno, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, D'Albert, Joseffy, and others, to choose from, it is difficult to say who is "the greatest living pianist." They excel in different directions, but are so nearly equal that judgment of them is largely a matter of individual taste. One critic prefers Joseffy, another Rosenthal, and so on. Perhaps no living pianist has so reached and touched the heart of the people as Paderewski, but that is a matter of character and personality more than any mere pianistic attainments.

M. S.—Follow advice for securing loose wrist already given in this column to "M. H."

Take your composition to any music publisher. If it needs more revision than he cares to give it, you will be advised where to take it for such revision. Or if you wish to be sure that it is correct before submitting it to a publisher any music dealer can probably give you the name of some one who makes a business of examining and revising musical manuscripts.

A. L. H.—1. There is no such thing as maintaining "looseness of the wrist" in striking chords, if one attempts to localize the source of action too strictly in the wrist. That source is in the forearm, or higher, according to the amount of force required. Hold the arm

about ten inches above the lap, let it fall of its own weight, resting upon the lap or at the side. Practice the fall both from the shoulder and the elbow. Observe the feeling of rest after the fall. Then hold the arm so that the drooping finger-tips are several inches above the keyboard, and again let it fall of its own weight, striking with one finger-tip as it falls, and holding the key so struck while the wrist sinks as far as possible below the keyboard. Do this with each finger in turn, then with two fingers in sixths or octaves. Swing the hand freely from the wrist and let it fall naturally upon the keyboard, striking, as it falls, single notes, sixths, or octaves.

To fully comprehend the principle of relaxation you should follow the advice to "M. H." in this column.

2. I have pupils learn the minor scales as soon as they are thoroughly familiar with the major. If sure that a pupil will study several years, there need be no hurry about giving scales, but if they may study but a short time, they should as soon as practicable be instructed in scales, as a knowledge of scale construction, signatures, and fingering is essential to any one who would play at all.

3. A sextolet or sextuplet is formed by dividing each note of a triplet into two parts.

A triplet is a group of three notes played in the time of two of the same kind—hence, a sextolet proper is played in the time of four notes of the same kind.

There is a false sextolet written as six notes instead of as two triplets as it should be. You should get a music primer and familiarize yourself with these things.—M. M.

A. F. T.—To acquire facility in reading music at sight, read every day one or two compositions quite new to you and somewhat less difficult than the music you are in the habit of playing. Playing duets or music for eight hands at sight is also excellent. In either case, establish a moderate movement and adhere to it regardless of mistakes. I think it well for poor readers to sometimes read music in this way, playing with each hand separately, particularly the left hand, or where the music is upon ledger lines below or above the range to which we are most accustomed.

Try to read measure by measure, group by group, rather than note by note. Nervousness, poor technic, or both, may cause, in part, your inability to read music readily at sight.—M. M.

E. L. W.—John Beverin Svendsen (Sfent-sen) was born in Christiania on September 30, 1840. He is a pupil of David, Hauptman, Richter, and Reinecke. His works consist mainly of orchestral compositions, concertos for violin and cello, chamber music, and songs. His Norwegian Rhapsodies, Op. 17, 19, 21, 22, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are arranged for piano solo, also for four hands. He has been conducting in London, Paris, and other continental cities, but in 1888 he returned to his home and has since that time again filled the position of conductor of the Musical Association in Christiania.

A. K.—As a general rule a suspension may be doubled at the octave below, not above, although exceptions may be found to this rule.

M. A.—Campanari, Kam-pah-nah-ree. Leopold Godowsky, Leh-o-polt Go-dow-skee. Leschetitzky, Leh-sheh-ilt-skee. Dvorak, Tfo-r-shak. Sucher, Söch-er. Nikisch, Nè-kish. Sieveking, Selve-king. Consult "Clarke's Pronouncing Musical Dictionary" in which all prominent names may be found.

L. A. W.—The ending of a piece in minor key with the major chord is a survival of an old rule, or custom, for which no satisfactory explanation has been found; this major third in the final chord is called the "tierce de picardie" for some unknown reason. Whether the rule originated in Picardy, or was first extensively used there, is not known. A fanciful account of its origin has been given, viz.: In the large European cathedrals the echo changes a final minor chord into a major chord, but the explanation savors too much of the character of that remarkable echo in the Emerald Isle, that answers "very well, thank you!" when you shout "how do you do?"

Chopin, is pronounced Sho-pang. Saint-Saëns, Sang-Sa-ong. The French nasal can only be represented by a final g, in English but very imperfectly; the sound really stops before the g is quite uttered.

Miss F. E. W.—Velocity playing depends upon slow practice persevered in until the motions required become absolutely automatic, when they can be pushed to high speeds without loss of their precision and musical quality; but slow practice need not and should not be restricted to slow motions. It is necessary to train the fingers to quick movements, and this feature of practice should be introduced at the very first lesson, in connection with slow movements. Accuracy in locating keys can be best secured by slow movements, but technical work should involve the study of quick movements of fingers, hands, and arms, carefully analyzed, and made with the greatest energy and alertness. When these are at command slow practice will result in preparing the way eventually for velocity playing; but not every nervous system is calculated to attain high rates of activity. Rosenthal can execute more notes in a minute than even Paderewski.

Classical music is that which has been recognized by a succession of the most competent critics as the best or highest grade of musical composition. Classical music is being written to-day, but so difficult is it to decide upon the enduring qualities of music that no contemporary work can positively be asserted to be classical. Hence, recognized classical music is always at latest the music of a recent past, while the term, if used without qualification, is generally understood to signify music that has proven itself valuable by living for a half century or longer, maintaining its standing and use to the present time with those whose education has rendered them competent to judge of musical values.—H. G. H.

SISTER M. B.—The majority of the leading piano teachers of the present day have shelved the most of Czerny's technical studies. There is nothing bad about them, and in a recent number of the

Music magazine it was stated that Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler in her teaching, makes very extensive use of certain sets of these studies. There is nothing objectionable about the Czerny studies as compared with others of similar grades, but they are dry and mechanical to a degree, and have been superseded by works much better adapted to prepare for the demands of modern virtuoso piano playing. The writer absolutely ignores all studies, excepting such as have the highest musical values (as those of Liszt and Chopin), doing technical work in its most direct and unmusical forms on the table and practice clavier, and making its musical applications through a graded selection of pieces chosen entirely for their artistic worth.—H. G. H.

M. H. C.—A little boy nine years old, who has taken lessons for a year without attention to technic, but with evident musical talent, unquestionably requires technical work. The methods of securing attention to this are chiefly the arranging of the work in systematic steps, clearly distinguished and specially adapted to his conception, with insistence upon perfection in every detail involved. The first thing wanted is a correct position of the hand; next, correct condition of the muscles; next, correct location of motions; next correct quality of motions, single motions of single fingers preceding complex motions and combinations of fingers. Every required motion can be made on a table, and if minutely and clearly explained and sufficiently and closely criticized, a pupil can be led to practice them on a table with wonderful results. The table takes out every idea of music, and makes the practice seem to be what it should be, purely mechanical, gymnastic, and technical. For the order of exercises referred to, any method advertised by responsible publishers may be used, but whatever method is used, separate as widely as possible technical from musical instruction. Slow practice is not as essential as accurate practice, and if quick motions are properly taught they interest little pupils far more effectively than slow motions can.

With regard to pieces, no suggestion of titles can be better than such printed lists as are contained in the *Musician*, by Ridley Prentice, and in "Mathews' Graded Studies." The only satisfactory way is to accept the "on sale" plan of the leading publishers.—H. G. H.

E. H. C.—It is difficult to recommend works on Theory without knowing more of the conditions. On Counterpoint, these are among the best: Stainer's, Bridge's, Ayer's, for small volume; the larger, Prout, Richter, and Jadassohn. For Composition, Wohlfardt, Stainer, and Lobe, for small works, and Marks or Goodrich for larger works. For Musical Form the ones by Pauer and Mathews are very much used. Perhaps if you state your need to the publisher of THE ETUDE a lot will be selected from which you can make your choice.

E. L. R.—For a book for beginner on organ,—I take you mean pipe organ,—Stainer's is one of the best; Rinck also is used by best organists.

M. L. H.—Left-hand studies are plentiful. Among those most used are Krause, and Köhler's in Peters edition. Jean Voght has twelve studies that are good for this purpose. Bach's "Little Preludes" and "Inventions" are very good.

Scales for a child of seven or eight who has had only ten months' instruction will not prove very inspiring; better wait until more matured or until her advancement demands facility in placing thumb over and under finger.

—Mme. Patti is winning laurels and hearts by her charities these latter days. At her home her strict orders are that no indigent person shall be turned from her door. Over fifty daily get something to eat direct from the house, not to speak of the help otherwise bestowed. Her public charities grow apace likewise. She ought to be able to bestow, if anybody could. They say that everything heart can wish is to be found in her home. No queen ever lived in greater luxury, and she and her husband seem supremely happy.

One point is certainly worthy of emulation by more graceless wives. She insists on the use of "Nicolini" in her name, being proud of it and grateful to the man who has helped so much to make her happy. Nothing annoys her more than slighting of her husband's name, when addressing her by word or letter. That is a good sign and rare enough to merit comment.

Mme. Patti seems to be filling the role of *lady* in the original meaning of the word—a "loaf-giver"—if we may judge from the above pretty story from the *Musical Courier*. Her wifely spirit, too, is indeed commendable.

—A teacher writes us about his class work, saying: "By my weekly classes and lectures I have succeeded in creating a musical atmosphere in my school. The following from the board of trustees sent me was especially gratifying: 'We do not hesitate to say, that under your direction and influence the standard of musical excellence has been elevated and a new inspiration imparted.'"

—Be dissatisfied with your progress, but do not be discouraged.

Publisher's Notes.

We wish our subscribers the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year.

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THE holiday offer of gift books will be found in another column. It contains about all of the really good books in musical literature. We are careful to note all through the year, the article that might be suitable for Christmas presents, so they can be added to our annual list. This year we have added about 60 new books and eliminated a number that were considered undesirable. This list has been selected with great care and prices are greatly reduced, which hold good only during the month of December. Our arrangement with publishers who have given us special prices expires December 31st. Have your order in as early as possible, write the order on a separate slip of paper, and give a line to each article ordered. We pay all transportation expenses, except when books are charged to our customers having good open accounts with us—the customer then pays the transportation charges.

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THE two new books which we announced as special offer in last issue will not be ready in time for holidays. They are two of the most attractive volumes we have ever offered in the way of musical literature. Sooner or later you will want them for your library, and why not order them before publication, when they may be had for paper and printing. New books by such writers as W. S. B. Mathews and Thos. Tapper appeal to every musician. Mr. Tapper's book, "Music Chats with Children," will be the first of its kind; an idea of its contents may be formed from chapters printed in November and this issue. Mr. Mathews' work is entitled "Music—its Ideals and Methods;" the work is made up of the cream of his writings during the last twenty-five years. Selected and arranged by himself, every phase in art and teaching will be touched upon. It will be a most readable work. The special price of Mr. Mathews' work is 65 cents, that of Mr. Tapper's is 50 cents. In case the books are charged to our customers, postage will be added.

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LAST year we made a holiday offer of five books for \$3.75. A great many of these were sold and gave satisfaction; this offer is renewed at this time. The books are:

"Celebrated Pianists of Past and Present,"	
Ehrlich,	\$2 00
"History of Pianoforte Music," Fillmore,	1 50
"Anecdotes of Great Musicians," Gates,	1 50
"Music and Culture," Merz,	1 75
"Chats with Music Students," Tapper,	1 50
	\$8 25
Deduction,	4 50
Our Holiday Price,	\$3 75

We will give a few substitutes in case some of the above books are already possessed. For this purpose any following may be substituted: "Reminiscences of a Musician's Vacation Abroad," Louis C. Elson; "Music Life and How to Succeed in It," Thos. Tapper; "Minor Chord" (novel), Chapple.

Three dollars and seventy-five cents will buy any five of the above books during December. This is more for the money for a holiday present than anything we have to offer. The books will be delivered free in any part of United States and Canada. These works are all standard and are made up from the best in our catalogues. They are sold in sets of five only at \$3.75; the limit of time is positively December 31st.

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THE monthly offer of two books which we promised our patrons we would continue during the winter has proven quite successful. This month we will put on the list, Abt's "Singing Tutor" complete for mezzo soprano; price, retail, \$1.50, and "Composition," by Dr. Stainer, retail, 75 cents. This gives hints as to the course that should be pursued in the first steps toward the art of composition. The two will be sent for only 75 cents post-

paid. Separate works for 50 cents and 25 cents respectively. When they are charged on books for our patrons postage will be charged extra.

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THE supplement in this issue, "Beethoven in his Study," we hope will prove acceptable. It makes a fine studio picture and it was particularly for that purpose that we made the selection. When framed will make a handsome Christmas present. We have made a number of copies of Artists' Proofs on thick card 22 inches wide and 28 long. These are suited for framing. The copies of artists' proofs we will send postpaid in strong tube for 25 cents.

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A NEW musical game is always welcome. We will have one ready for the holiday trade. It is called "Elementaire." It deals with the elements of music only and is a game for children or beginners in music. By a pleasing pastime the notes on the staff and ledger lines are fixed on the mind. The major and minor chords are also to be included in the game. The game will sell for 50 cents. To all sending cash in advance of publication, the price will be 20 cents. Those having good open accounts with us can have advance offers charged, but in that case postage will be charged additional.

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WE have published during November two works that have enjoyed extended popularity as text-books. We refer to Abt's "Singing Tutor," Mezzo Soprano, and "Tours' Violin Instructor." These two works are now on our catalogue, and we should be pleased to send them to any of our patrons on approbation. To those who have never used these works we would recommend a trial.

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"CLARKE'S Dictionary," which we promised during November to advance subscribers, was delayed at printer's on account of peculiar type in certain definitions. At this writing they are being sent out, and we trust will give satisfaction to all who have waited so patiently for them.

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WE have published a handsome "Musical Calendar." It is about the size of a sheet of music. Around the four sides are portraits of composers, and in the center is the calendar, of neat design. Each month has a different slip. It is printed in gold and black. It will be suitable to hang in a studio. The price postpaid is 25 cents.

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THE next issue of THE ETUDE will contain a life-size portrait of Mozart.

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WHEN you are presenting the claims of THE ETUDE in trying to get new subscribers, show them that it is economy, because of the large amount of good music in it each month for their children to play and take lessons from. Also show them that it will interest their children in the better kinds of music, as well as make them more interested in the art as a fine art. That it will lead their children to do more and better practice. That it is so valuable that they cannot afford not to take it. They must see that they subscribe to better themselves, take it because it is too valuable to let the chance slip by, that they subscribe to please themselves, not to please you.

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PROGRESSIVE and wide-awake teachers assemble their pupils into a class frequently to do work which is better done that way than in private lessons. THE ETUDE furnished ideas for such work, and marks out ways and methods which are invaluable for class instruction.

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LANDON'S "Foundation Materials" can be used profitably as a supplement. That is, using them along with other methods. But they are the most thorough method for beginners yet published, easily graded, charmingly musical, technics in rhythmical form accompanied with harmonies, and nearly all in phrases, and therefore musically expressive. Teachers who are acquainted with the

Köhler "Easy Method," will find in Landon's "Foundation Materials" just what they have felt lacking in the above-mentioned work, and much entirely new material and many new ideas of great value.

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SUBSCRIBERS are complaining of hard times, but write us that they cannot do without THE ETUDE, for it helps them keep up with the rapidly advancing methods of piano teaching, and helps them at many a point where the thought read was worth many times the price of a year's subscription.

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ADVANCING and progressive teachers are sure to be thinking teachers. The brain must have food for thought, and THE ETUDE furnishes this to the ambitious teacher. A single thought fits in some glimpse of an idea that came to the reader while teaching the other day, and this sets him to searching it out down to its fullest depth, helps him crystallize it into a working fact.

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ON another page will be found our premium list, revised; everything of interest to the music teacher and scholar will be found upon it, most liberally given. The list is a revision of the one printed last December, which was most successful. We trust that in sending your renewal you will make an effort to send others beside your own. Every scholar should read THE ETUDE; it is, in this way, a great help to the teacher by interesting the scholar and the parents, producing enthusiasm in the work—and nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm. A great many teachers make a club among the scholars, charging it in their regular music bill. Our cash deductions are also given in this list.

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IN the hunt for holiday gifts for your scholars, teachers, or friends, you will find that our Special Holiday Offer will give you valuable suggestions. We have arranged it this year in classes—biography, history, etc. The bindings are the best obtainable in each case, so that whether for a gift or for a library they will be most acceptable. The list of musical novels contains the latest and best of all published.

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OUR supplements framed—"Beethoven in His Study," in the present month, and "Harmony," published with the February, '06, number—would make a valuable addition to any studio, at a very small cost. We send an artist's proof of either for 25 cents; or we will send, neatly framed, by express or freight not prepaid, for \$2.50; a fine gilt frame for \$4.25. Any of the life-size portraits of Great Musicians framed for 50 cents in advance of these prices.

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NOTICE our Clubbing List with all the prominent periodicals; it will save you money to get your journals along with your renewal to this paper.

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FULL information of any of our own books, which are listed in the Special Holiday Offer, can be obtained by sending to us for our complete "Descriptive Book Catalogue." This is, without doubt, the most valuable list of musical literature and text-books of any publisher.

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As our business increases each year the more liberal advantages we are able to give to the teacher. This fall, notwithstanding the troubled times, we are pleased to record that our increase has been fully up to the average. It is our aim to have our dealings satisfactory no matter what the cost to us. When in want of anything in the music line send to us; we claim to be the quickest mail-order house in the country. A fine, up-to-date stock, both classical and popular, to draw from; our own publications—there are no better for the teacher's use; a liberal On Sale plan, including monthly packages of our new issues; efficient clerks and quick service, are a few of the reasons why you should send to us.

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FOR continuation of Publisher's Notes, see second page of cover.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

... of ...

MUSICAL GIFTS

THE ETUDE takes pleasure in presenting to its patrons the EIGHTH ANNUAL Special Holiday Offer. Many new subjects have been added, so that this list contains about all that is good in musical literature. The binding as given is the best in which the books are made.

It must be distinctly understood that no orders are filled at these prices after January 1, 1897, as our special arrangements with publishers expire at that date.

In years past we have sent many thousands of packages, all of which have given satisfaction and pleasure.

In order to avoid DELAY and INSURE you receiving your order in TIME, we would suggest that you send in your order at the EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE, and thus prevent any disappointment.

Conditions of Above Offer.

Cash must accompany all orders. We pay all postage and express charges. This offer expires positively on January 1, 1897.

BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.

	Pub- lisher's Price.	Special Price, Postpaid.
1. Bach, Biography of. Lane-Poole,	\$1 00	\$0 80
2. Beethoven. (Biographical Romance.) Rau,	1 50	1 20
3. " Life of. Nohl,	1 00	75
4. " Life of. Schindler,	1 50	1 20
5. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Composers. Urbino,	1 50	1 20
6. Brahms, A Biographical Sketch of. H. Dieters,	1 50	1 20
7. Bull, Ole, Life of,	1 50	1 25
8. Celebrated Pianists of the Past and Present. A. Ehrlich,	2 00	1 34
9. Chopin, Life of. Liszt,	1 25	1 00
10. " Life of. Willeby,	3 00	2 20
11. " Life, Works, and Letters. Moritz Karasowski. 2 vols., each,	1 00	75
12. Eminent Composers, Biographical Sketches of. Urbino,	1 50	1 20
13. English Church Composers. Barrett,	1 00	80
14. Germany's Famous Composers. Allen,	1 00	80
15. Goethe and Mendelssohn. Von Glehn,	2 00	1 60
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17. Gounod, Charles. Autobiographical Reminiscences. Hutchinson,	3 00	2 40
18. Great Composers. Butterworth,	1 00	80
19. " Composers, The. Bourne,	1 50	1 20
20. " Composers, Private Life of. Rowbotham,	2 00	1 60
21. " German Composers. Ferris. (In paper, 30 cts., postpaid),	60	50
22. " German Composers. Stieler,	2 50	2 00
23. " Italian and French Composers. Ferris. (In paper, 30 cts., postpaid),	60	50
24. " Singers. Ferris. 2 vols., each (in paper, 30 cts.),	60	50
25. " Tone Poets. Crowest,	1 00	75
26. " Violinists and Pianists. Ferris. (Paper, 30 cts.),	60	50
27. Haydn, Life of. Nohl,	1 00	75
28. Heller, Stephen, Life and Works of. Borthwick,	1 25	95
29. Letters of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Lady Wallace,	1 50	1 20
30. Liszt, Correspondence Between Wagner and. Trans- lated by Hueffer. 2 vols. (sets only),	5 00	4 00
31. " Franz, Artist and Man. Ramann. 2 vols., each,	3 00	2 30
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33. " Life of Francis,	50	40
34. " Life of. Nohl,	1 00	75
35. " Recollections of. By a Compatriot,	2 00	1 50
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38. Mendelssohn Family. Hensel. 2 vols. (sets only),	5 00	3 80
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40. " Life of. Lampadius,	1 50	1 25
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48. Private Life of Great Composers. Rowbotham,	2 00	1 60
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53. Rubinstein, Autobiography. Delano,	\$1 00	\$0 80
54. Schubert, Life of. Frost,	1 00	80
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HISTORY.

65. History of German Song. Elson,	1 25	1 00
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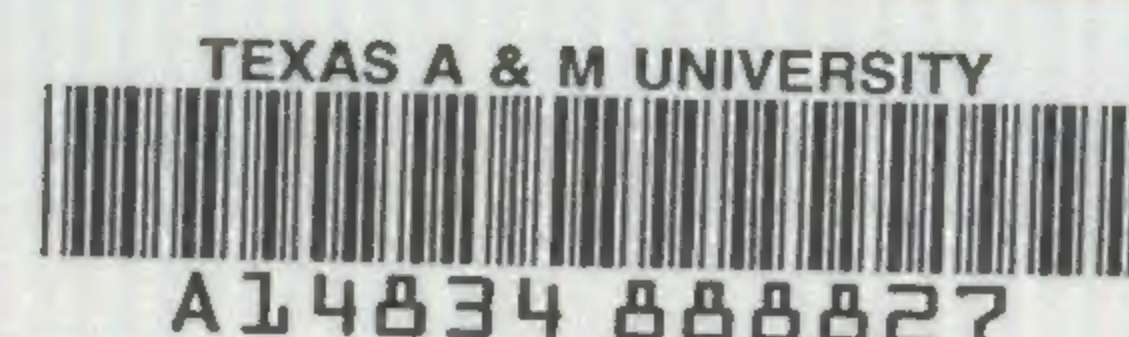
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